

LITERARY RECOLLECTIONS—By F. MAX MULLER.

2761

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JUNE 5, 1897.
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THE FIGHTING TEMERAIRE.

It was eight bells ringing,
For the morning watch was done,
And the gunner's lads were singing
As they polished every gun.
It was eight bells ringing,
And the gunner's lads were singing,
For the ship she rode a-swinging,
As they polished every gun.

Chorus.

Oh! to see the linstock lighting,
Téméraire! Téméraire!
Oh! to hear the round-shot biting,
Téméraire! Téméraire!
Oh! to see the linstock lighting,
And to hear the round-shot biting,
For we're all in love with fighting
On the Fighting Téméraire.

It was noontide ringing,
And the battle just begun,
When the ship her way was winging,
As they loaded every gun.
It was noontide ringing,
When the ship her way was winging,
And the gunner's lads were singing
As they loaded every gun.

Chorus.

There'll be many grim and gory,
Téméraire! Téméraire!
There'll be few to tell the story,
Téméraire! Téméraire!
There'll be many grim and gory,
There'll be few to tell the story,
But we'll all be one in glory
With the Fighting Téméraire.

There's a far bell ringing
At the setting of the sun,
And a phantom voice is singing
Of the great days done.
There's a far bell ringing,
And a phantom voice is singing
Of renown forever clinging
To the great days done.

Chorus.

Now the sunset breezes shiver,
Téméraire! Téméraire!
And she's fading down the river,
Téméraire! Téméraire!
Now the sunset breezes shiver,
And she's fading down the river,
But in England's song forever
She's the Fighting Téméraire.

Longman's Magazine. HENRY NEWBOLT.

AT ST. BARTHELEMI.

In the parish of St Barthélemy
There is always something taking place,
A procession, a fête, or a jubilee,
Some kind of religious revelry
That pleases the fervid populace
In the parish of St. Barthélemy.

The saints must each be remembered, you
see,

Which perfectly suits the Gallic race
A procession, a fête, or a jubilee,

Fix'd by the Church's fast decree,
Makes them both happy and full of
grace.
In the parish of St. Barthélemy.

You will easily learn to bow the knee,
And each in its turn you will straight
embrace
A procession, a fête, or a jubilee.
In fact, there is always on the tapis,
Moving at mediæval pace,
In the parish of St Barthélemy,
A procession, a fête, or a jubilee.

S. FRANCES HARRISON.

THE PATH.

Is this the path that knew your tread,
Once, when the skies were just as blue
As they are now, far overhead?
Are these the trees that looked at you
And listened to the words you said?

Along this moss did your dress sweep?
And is this broken stem the one
That gave its flower to you to keep?
And here where the grasses knew the sun
Before a sickle came to reap,

Did your dear shadow softly fall?
This place is very like, and yet
No shadow lieth here at all;
With dew the mosses still are wet
Although the grass no more is tall.

The small brown birds go nestling through
The low-branched hemlock as of old;
The tree-tops almost touch the blue,
The sunlight falleth down like gold
On one new flower that waiteth you.

FRANCIS SHERMAN.

From *Cosmopolis.*

LITERARY RECOLLECTIONS.

Authors complain, and in many cases complain justly, of the large number of letters and visits which they receive from unknown friends and distant admirers. I myself, though the subjects on which I write are not exactly popular, have been sitting at the receipt of such custom for many years. It is difficult to know what to do. To answer all the letters, even to acknowledge all the books that are sent to me from India, Australia, New Zealand, from every new sphere of influence in Africa, from America, North and South, and from the principal countries of Europe, would be physically impossible. A simple knowledge of arithmetic would teach my friends that if I were only to glance at a book in order to give an opinion, or say something pleasant about it, one hour at least of my time in the morning would certainly be consumed by every single book. Every writer imagines that he is the only one who writes a letter, asks a question, or sends a book; but he forgets that in this respect everybody has as much right as everybody else, and claims it too, unmindful of the rights of others, and quite unconscious that the sum total of such interruptions would swallow up the whole of a man's working day. And there is this further danger: however guarded one may be in expressing one's gratitude or one's opinion of the merits of a book, one's letter is apt to appear in advertisements, if only far away in India or the Colonies; nay, we often find that the copy of a book was not even sent us by the author himself, but with the author's compliments, that is by an enterprising publisher.

However, there is a compensation in all things, and I gladly confess that I have occasionally derived great advantage from the letters of my unknown friends. They have sent me valuable corrections and useful remarks for my books, they have made me presents of manuscripts and local publications difficult to get even at the Bodleian and the British Museum, and I feel sure they

have not been offended even though I could not enter into a long correspondence with every one of my epistolary friends on the origin of language or the home of the Aryan race. My worst friends are those who send me their own writings and wish me to give an opinion, or to find a publisher for them. Had I attempted to comply with one-tenth of these requests, I could have done nothing else in life. What would become of me if everybody who cannot find a publisher were to write to me. The introduction of postcards has proved, no doubt, a great blessing to all who are supposed to be oracles, but even an oracular response takes time. Speaking for myself, I may truly say that I often feel tempted to write to a man who is an authority on a special subject on which I want information. I know he could answer my question in five minutes, and yet I hardly ever venture to make the appeal, but go to a library, where I have to waste hours and hours in finding the right book, and afterwards the right passage in it.

And what applies to letters applies to personal visits also. I do sometimes get impatient when perfect strangers call on me without any kind of introduction, sometimes even without a visiting card, and then sit down to propound some theory of their own. Still, taking all in all, I must not complain of my visitors. They do not come in shoals like letters and books, and very often they are interesting and even delightful. Many of them come from America, and the mere fact that they want to see me is a compliment which I appreciate. They have read my books, that is another compliment which I always value; and they often speak to me of things that years ago I have said in some article of mine, and which I myself have often quite forgotten.

It strikes me that Americans possess in a very high degree the gift of sightseeing. They possess what at school was called *pace*. They travel over England in a fortnight, but at the end they seem to have seen all that is, and all who are worth seeing. We wonder

how they can enjoy anything. But they do enjoy what they see, and they carry away a great many photographs, not only in their albums, but in their memory also. The fact is that they generally come well prepared, and know beforehand what they want to see; and, after all, there are limits to everything. If we have only a quarter of an hour to look at the Madonna di San Sisto, may not that short exposure give us an excellent negative in our memory, if only our brain is sensitive, and the lens of our eyes clear and strong? The Americans, knowing that their time is limited, make certainly an excellent use of it, and seem to carry away more than many travellers who stand for hours with open mouths before a Raphael, and in the end know no more of the picture than of the frame. It requires sharp eyes and a strong will to see much in a short time. Some portrait painters, for instance, catch a likeness in a few minutes; others sit and sit, and stare and stare, and alter and alter, and never perceive the really characteristic points in a face.

It is the same with the American interviewer. I do not like him, and I think he ought at all events to tell us that we are being interviewed. Even ancient statues are protected now against snap-shots in the museums of antiquities. But with all that I cannot help admiring him. His skill, in the cases where I have been under his scalpel or before his brush, has certainly been extraordinary, and several of them seem to have been in my house, in my garden, in my library, and in my face, what I myself had never detected there, and all that in about half an hour. I remember one visit, however, which was rather humiliating. An American gentleman (I did not know that he was interviewing me) had been sitting with me for a long time, asking all sorts of questions and making evidently a trigonometrical survey of myself and my surroundings. At last I had to tell him that I was sorry I had to go, as I had to deliver a lecture. As he seemed so interested in my work I naturally expected he would ask me to

allow him to hear my lecture. Nothing of the kind! "I am sorry," he said, "but you don't mind my sitting here in your library till you come back?" And, true enough, there I found him when I came home after an hour, and he was delighted to see me again. Some months after I had my reward in a most charming account of an interview with Professor Max Müller, published in an American journal. This power of observation which these interviewers, and to a certain extent most American travellers, seem to possess, is highly valuable, and as most of us cannot hope to have more than a few hours to see such monuments as St. Peter or Santa Sophia, or such giants as Tennyson or Browning, we ought to take a leaf out of the book of our American friends, and try to acquire some of their pace and go.

And then, America does not send us interviewers only, but nearly all their most eminent men and their most charming women pay us the compliment of coming over to their old country. They generally cannot give us more than a few days, or it may be a few hours only; and in that short space we also have to learn how to measure them, how to appreciate and love them. It has to be done quickly, or not at all. Living at Oxford, I have had the good fortune of receiving visits from Emerson, Dr. Wendell Holmes, and Lowell, to speak of the brightest stars only. Each of them stayed at our house for several days, so that I could take them in at leisure, while others had to be taken at one gulp, often between one train and the next. Oxford has a great attraction for all Americans, and it is a pleasure to see how completely at home they feel in the memories of the place. The days when Emerson, Wendell Holmes, and Lowell were staying with us, the breakfasts and luncheons, the teas and dinners, and the delightful walks through college halls, chapels and gardens are possessions forever.

Emerson, I am grieved to say, when during his last visit to England he spent some days with us, accompanied and watched over by his devoted

daughter, was already on the brink of that misfortune which overtook him in his old age. His memory often failed him, but as through a mist the bright and warm sun of his mind was always shining, and many of his questions and answers have remained engraved in my memory, weak and shaky as that too begins to be. I had forgotten that Emerson had ceased to be an active preacher, and I told him that I rather envied him the opportunity of speaking now and then to his friends and neighbors on subjects on which we can seldom speak except in church. He then told me not only what he had told others, that "he had had enough of it," but he referred to an episode in his life, or rather in that of his brother, which struck me as very significant at the time. "There was an ecclesiastical leaven in our family," he said. "My brother and I were both meant for the ministry in the Unitarian community. My brother was sent by my father to Germany (I believe to Göttingen), and after a thorough study of theology was returning to America. On the voyage home the ship was caught in a violent gale, and all hopes of saving it and the lives of the passengers was given up. At that time my brother said his prayers, and made a vow that if his life should be spared he would never preach again, but give up theology altogether and earn an honest living in some other way. The ship weathered the storm, my brother's life was saved, and, in spite of all entreaties, he kept his vow. Something of the same kind may have influenced me," he added; "anyhow, I felt that there was better work for me to do than to preach from the pulpit." And so, no doubt, there was for this wonderfully gifted man, particularly at the time and in the place where he lived. A few years' study at Göttingen might have been useful to Emerson by showing him the track followed by other explorers of the unknown seas of religion and philosophy, but he felt in himself the force to grapple with the great problems of the world without going first to school to learn how others before him had grappled with them. And this was perhaps the best for him and for us. His freshness and his courage remained undamped by the failures of others, and his directness of judgment and poetical intuition had freer scope in his rhapsodies than it would have had in learned treatises. I do not wonder that philosophers by profession had nothing to say to his essays because they did not seem to advance their favorite inquiries beyond the point they had reached before. But there were many people, particularly in America, to whom these rhapsodies did more good than any learned disquisitions or carefully arranged sermons. There is in them what attracts us so much in the ancients, freshness, directness, self-confidence, unswerving loyalty to truth, as far as they could see it. He had no one to fear, no one to please. Socrates or Plato, if suddenly brought to life again in America, might have spoken like Emerson, and the effect produced by Emerson was certainly like that produced by Socrates in olden times.

What Emerson's personal charm must have been in earlier life we can only conjecture from the rapturous praises bestowed on him by his friends, even during his lifetime. A friend of his who had watched Emerson and his work and his ever increasing influence, declares without hesitation that "the American nation is more indebted to his teaching than to any other person who has spoken or written on his themes during the last twenty years." He calls his genius "the measure and present expansion of the American mind." And his influence was not confined to the American mind. I have watched it growing in England. I still remember the time when even experienced judges spoke of his essays as mere declamations, as poetical rhapsodies, as poor imitations of Carlyle. Then gradually one man after another found something in Emerson which was not to be found in Carlyle, particularly his loving heart, his tolerant spirit, his comprehensive sympathy with all that was or was meant to be

good and true, even though to his own mind it was neither the one nor the other.

After a time some more searching critics were amazed at sentences which spoke volumes, and showed that Emerson, though he had never written a systematic treatise on philosophy, stood on a firm foundation of the accumulated philosophic thought of centuries. Let us take such a sentence as "Generalization is always a new influx of divinity into the mind—hence the thrill that attends."

To the ordinary reader such a sentence can convey very little; it might seem, in fact, a mere exaggeration. But to those who know the long history of thought connected with the question of the origin of conceptual thought as the result of ceaseless generalization, Emerson's words convey the outcome of profound thought. They show that he had recognized in general ideas, which are to us merely the result of a never ceasing synthesis, the original thoughts or *logoi* underlying the immense variety of created things; that he had traced them back to their only possible source, the Divine mind, and that he saw how the human mind, by rising from particulars to the general, was in reality approaching the source of those divine thoughts, and thus becoming conscious, as it were, of the influx of divinity. Other philosophers have expressed similar thoughts by saying that induction is the light that leads us up, deduction the light that leads us down. Mill thought that generalization is a mere process of mother-wit of the shrewd and untaught intelligence; and that, from one narrow point of view, it is so, has been proved since by an analysis of language. Every word is a generalization, and contains in itself a general idea, the so-called root. These first generalizations are, no doubt, at first the work of mother-wit and untaught intelligence only, and hence the necessity of constantly correcting them, whether by experience or by philosophy. But these words are nevertheless the foundation of all later thought, and if they have not reached

as yet the fulness of the Divine Logoi, they represent at least the advancing steps by which alone the human mind could reach, and will reach at last, the ideas of the Divine Mind.

Thus one pregnant sentence of Emerson's shows, when we examine it more closely, that he had seen deeper into the mysteries of nature, and of the human mind, than thousands of philosophers, call them evolutionists or nominalists. Evolutionists imagine that they have explained everything that requires explanation in nature if they have shown a more or less continuous development from the moneres to man from the thrills of the moneres to the thought of man. Nominalists again think that by ascending from the single to the general, and by comprehending the single under a general name, they have solved all the questions involved in nature, that is, in our comprehension of nature. They never seem to remember that there was a time when all that we call either single or general, but particularly all that is general, had for the first time to be conceived or created. Before there was a single tree, some one must have thought the tree or treehood. Before there was a single ape, or a single man, some one must have thought that apehood or that manhood which we see realized in every ape and in every man, unless we can bring ourselves to believe in a thoughtless world. If that first thought was the concept of a mere moneres, still in that thought there must have been the distant perspective of ape or man, and it is that first thought alone which to the present day keeps the ape an ape, and a man a man. Divine is hardly a name good enough for that first thinker of thoughts. Still, it is that Divinity which Emerson meant when he said that generalization is always a new influx of divinity into the mind, because it reveals to the mind the first thoughts, the Divine Logoi, of the universe. The thrill of which he speaks is the thrill arising from the nearness of the Divine, the sense of the presence of those Divine Logoi, or that Divine Logos, which in the begin-

ning was with God, and without which not anything was made that was made. Evolution can never be more than the second act; the first act is the volition or the thought of the universe, unless we hold that there can be an effect without a cause, or a Kosmos without a Logos.

Such utterances, lost almost in the exuberance of Emerson's thoughts, mark the distinction between a thoughtful and a shallow writer, between a scarred veteran and a smooth recruit. They will give permanence to Emerson's influence both at home and abroad, and place him in the ranks of those who have not lived or thought in vain. When he left my house, I knew, of course, that we should never meet again in this life, but I felt that I had gained something that could never be taken from me.

Another eminent American who often honored my quiet home at Oxford was James Russell Lowell, for a time United States minister in England. He was a professor and at the same time a politician and a man of the world. Few essays are so brimful of interesting facts and original reflections as his essays entitled "Among my Books." His "Biglow Papers," which made him one of the leading men in the United States, appeal naturally to American rather than to Cosmopolitan readers. But in society he was at home in England as much as in America, in Spain as well as in Holland.

I came to know him first as a sparkling correspondent, and then as a delightful friend.

Here is the letter which began our intimacy:—

Legacion de los Estados Unidos
de America en Espana.

18 Jan. 1880.

I read with great satisfaction what you wrote about jade.¹ One is tempted to cry

¹ I had written some articles in the *Times* to show that when we meet with jade tools in countries far removed from the few mines in which jade is found, we must admit that they were carried along as precious heirlooms by the earliest emigrants from Asia to Europe, by the same people who carried the tools of their mind, that is,

out with Marlowe's Tamburlaine, "How now, ye pampered jades of Asia!" One thing in the discussion has struck me a good deal, and that is, the crude notion which intelligent men have of the migration of tribes. I think most men's conception of distance is very much a creature of maps—which make Crim Tartary and England not more than a foot apart, so that the feat of the old rhyme—"to dance out of Ireland into France," looks easy. They seem to think that the shifting of habitation was accomplished like a modern journey by rail, and that the emigrants wouldn't need tools by the way or would buy them at the nearest shop after their arrival. There is nothing the ignorant and the poor cling to so tenaciously as their familiar household utensils. Incredible things are brought every day to America in the luggage of emigrants—things often most cumbersome to carry and utterly useless in the new home. Families that went from our seaboard to the West a century ago, through an almost impenetrable wilderness, carried with them all their domestic pots and pans—even those, I should be willing to wager, that needed the tinker. I remember very well the starting of an expedition from my native town of Cambridge in 1831, for Oregon, under the lead of a captain of great energy and resource. They started in wagons ingeniously contrived so as to be taken to pieces, the body forming a boat for crossing rivers. They carried everything they could think of with them, and got safely to the other side of the continent, as hard a job, I fancy, as our Aryan ancestors had to do. There is hardly a family of English descent in New England that doesn't cherish as an heirloom, something brought over by the first ancestors two hundred and fifty years ago. And beside the motive of utility there is that also of sentiment—particularly strong in the case of an old tool.

Faithfully yours,

J. R. LOWELL.

Lowell's conversation was inexhaustible, his information astonishing. Pleasant as he was, even as an antagonist, he would occasionally lose his temper and use very emphatic language. I was once sitting next to him when I

the words of their language, from their original homes to the shores of the Mediterranean, to Ioe, land, to Ireland, and in the end to America.

heard him stagger his neighbor, a young lady, by bursting out with, "But madam, I do not accept your major premiss!" Poor thing, she evidently was not accustomed to such language, and not acquainted with that terrible term. She collapsed, evidently quite at a loss as to what gift on her part Mr. Lowell declined to accept.

Sometimes even the most harmless remark about America would call forth very sharp replies from him. Everybody knows that the salaries paid by America to her diplomatic staff are insufficient, and no one knew it better than he himself. But when the remark was made in his presence that the United States treated their diplomatic representatives stingily, he fired up, and discoursed most eloquently on the advantages of high thoughts and humble living. His cleverness and readiness in writing occasional verses have become proverbial, and I am glad to be able to add two more to the many *jeux d'esprit* of this brilliant and amiable guest.

Had I all tongues Max Müller knows,
I could not with them altogether
Tell half the debt a stranger owes
Who Oxford sees in pleasant weather.

The halls, the gardens, and the quads,
There's nought can match them on this
planet,
Smiled on by all the partial gods
Since Alfred (if 'twas he) began it:

But more than all the welcomes warm,
Thrown thick as lavish hands could toss
'em,
Why, they'd have wooed in winter-storm
One's very umbrella-stick to blossom!

Bring me a cup of All Souls' ale,
Better than e'er was bought with siller,
To drink (O may the vow prevail)
The health of Max¹ and Mrs. Müller!

Abundant as was his wit in the true
sense of that word, his kindness was

¹ "Professor" I would fain have said,
But the pinched line would not admit it,
And where the nail submits its head,
There must the hasty hammer hit it !

equally so. After he had written the above verses for my wife, my young daughter Beatrice (now Mrs. Colyer Ferguson) asked him, as young ladies are wont to do, for a few lines for herself. He at once resumed his pen and wrote:—

O'er the wet sands an insect crept
Ages ere man on earth was known—
And patient Time, while Nature slept,
The slender tracing turned to stone.

'Twas the first autograph: and ours?
Prithee, how much of prose or song,
In league with the Creative powers,
Shall 'scape Oblivion's broom so long?

In great haste,
Faithfully yours,
J. R. LOWELL.

24th June, 1886.

I lost the pleasure of shaking hands with Longfellow during his stay in England. Though I have been more of a fixture at Oxford than most professors, I was away during the vacation when he paid his visit to our university, and thus lost seeing a poet to whom I felt strongly attracted, not only by the general spirit of his poetry, which was steeped in German thought, but as the translator of several of my father's poems.

I was more fortunate with Dr. Wendell Holmes. His arrival in England had been proclaimed beforehand, and one naturally remained at home in order to be allowed to receive him. His hundred days in England were one uninterrupted triumphal progress. When he arrived at Liverpool he found about three hundred invitations waiting for him. Though he was accompanied by a most active and efficient daughter, he had at once to engage a secretary to answer this deluge of letters. And though he was past eighty, he never spared himself, and was always ready to see and to be seen. He was not only an old, but a ripe and mellow man.

There was no subject on which one could touch which was not familiar to the autocrat at the breakfast table. His thoughts and his words were ready, and one felt that it was not for

the first time that the subject had been carefully thought out and talked out by him. That he should have been able to stand all the fatigue of his journey and the constant claims on his ready wit seemed to me marvellous. I had the pleasure of showing him the old buildings of Oxford. He seemed to know them all, and had something to ask and to say about every one.

When we came to Magdalen College, he wanted to see and to measure the elms. He was very proud of some elms in America, and he had actually brought some string with which he had measured the largest tree he knew in his own country. He proceeded to measure one of our finest elms in Magdalen College, and when he found that it was larger than his American giant, he stood before it admiring it, without a single word of envy or disappointment.

I had, however, a great fright while he was staying at our house. He had evidently done too much, and after our first dinner party he had feverish shivering fits, and the doctor whom I sent for declared at once that he must keep perfectly quiet in bed, and attend no more parties of any kind. This was a great disappointment to myself and to many of my friends. But at his time of life the doctor's warning could not be disregarded, and I had, at all events, the satisfaction of sending him off to Cambridge safe and sound. I had him several days quite to myself, and there were few subjects which we did not discuss. We mostly agreed, but even where we did not, it was a real pleasure to differ from him. We discussed the greatest and the smallest questions, and on every one he had some wise and telling remarks to pour out. I remember one long conversation while we were sitting in an old wainscoted room at All Souls', ornamented with the arms of former fellows. It had been at first the library of the college, then one of the fellows' rooms, and lastly a lecture-room. We were deep in the old question of the true relation between the divine and the human in man, and here again, as on all other questions,

everything seemed to be clear and evident to his mind. Perhaps I ought not to repeat what he said to me when we parted: "I have had much talk with people in England; with you I have had a real conversation." We understood each other, and wondered how it was that men so often misunderstood one another. I told him that it was the badness of our language, he thought it was the badness of our tempers. Perhaps we were both right. With him again good-bye was good-bye for life, and at such moments one wonders indeed how kindred souls became separated, and one feels startled and repelled at the thought that, such as they were on earth, they can never meet again. And yet there is continuity in the world, there is no flaw, no break anywhere, and what has been will surely be again, though how it will be we cannot know, and if only we trust in the wisdom that pervades the whole universe, we need not know.

Were I to write down my more or less casual meetings with men of literary eminence, I should have much more to say, much that was of deep interest and value to myself, but would hardly be of interest to others. I felt greatly flattered, for instance, when years ago Macaulay invited me to see him at the Albany, and to discuss with him the new regulations for the Indian Civil Service. This must have been in about 1854. I was quite a young and unknown man at the time, but I had already made his acquaintance at Bunsen's house, where he had been asked to meet Herr von Radowitz, for a short time prime minister in Prussia, and the most famous talker in Germany. It was indeed a tournament to watch, but as it was in English, which Radowitz spoke well, yet not well enough for such a contest, Macaulay carried the day, though Radowitz excelled in repartee, in anecdotes, and in a certain elegance more telling in French than in English.

I went to call on Macaulay in London, well provided as I thought with facts and arguments in support of the necessity of Oriental studies, which I

knew he had always discouraged, in the preparation and examination of candidates for the Indian civil service. He began by telling me that he knew nothing of Indian languages and literature, and that he wanted to know all I had to say on the real advantages to be derived by young civilians from a study of Sanskrit. I had already published several letters in the *Times* on the subject, and had carried on a long controversy with Sir Charles Trevelyan, afterwards published in a pamphlet, entitled "Correspondence relating to the Establishment of an Oriental College in London."

Macaulay, after sitting down, asked me a number of questions, but before I had time to answer any one of them, he began to relate his own experiences in India, dilating on the difference between a scholar and a man of business, giving a full account of his controversy, while in India, with men like Professor Wilson and others, who maintained that English would never become the language of India, expressing his own strong conviction to the contrary, and relating a number of anecdotes, showing that the natives learnt English far more easily than the English could ever learn Hindustani or Sanskrit. Then he branched off into some disparaging remarks about Sanskrit literature, particularly about their legal literature, entering minutely into the question of what authority could be assigned to the Laws of Manu, and of what possible use they could be in determining law suits between natives, ending up with the usual diatribes about the untruthfulness of the natives of India, and their untrustworthiness as witnesses in a court of law.

This went on for nearly an hour and was very pleasant to listen to, but most disappointing to a young man who had come well primed with facts to meet all these arguments, and who tried in vain to find a chance to put in a single word. At the end of this so-called conversation Macaulay thanked me for the useful information I had given him, and I went back to Oxford a sadder and I hope a wiser man. What I had chiefly

wished to impress on him was that Haileybury should not be suppressed, but should be improved, should not be ended, but mended. But it was easier and more popular to suppress it, and suppressed it was, so that in England, which has the largest Oriental Empire in the world, there is now not a single school or seminary for the teaching of Oriental languages, whereas France, Italy, Prussia, Austria, and Russia have all found it expedient to have such establishments and to support them by liberal grants. Everybody now begins to see that these governments are reaping their rewards, but in England the old argument remains the same, "We can always find interpreters if we pay them well, and if we only speak loud enough the natives never fail to understand what we mean."

This is no doubt much the same as what Mr. Layard meant when he explained to me how he managed to keep his diggers in order, "I speak English to them; if they do not understand, I shout at them; if they won't obey, I knock them down; and if they show fight, I shoot them down." No doubt this was an exaggeration, but it certainly does not prove the uselessness of a thorough knowledge of Oriental languages, for those who are sent to the East to govern millions, and not to shout at them, or to knock them down.

Another true friend of mine was Arthur Helps, the author of "Friends in Council," and for a long time clerk to the Privy Council. He often paid us a visit on his way to or from Blenheim, where he used to stay with the then Duke of Marlborough. He had a very high opinion of the duke's ability as president of the council, and considered his personal influence most important. "At the time of a change of ministry, you should see the members of the Cabinet," he said. "People imagine they are miserable and disheartened. The fact is they are like a pack of schoolboys going home for their holidays, and scrambling out of the Council Chamber as fast as ever they can."

Once when he came to stay with us on his return from Blenheim, he told

me how the duke had left the day before for London, and that on that very day the emu had laid an egg. The duke had taken the greatest interest in his emus, and had long looked forward to this event. A telegram was sent to the duke, which, when shown to Mr. Helps, ran as follows: "The emu has laid an egg, and in the absence of your Grace, we have taken the largest goose we could find to hatch it."

Helps was a most sensible and thoroughly honest man; yet the last years of his life were dreadfully embittered by some ill-advised speculations of his which brought severe losses not only on himself, but, what he felt far more keenly, on several of his friends whom he had induced to share in his undertaking.

I missed the pleasure of knowing Lord Lytton. But this illustrious writer, Lord Lytton, or in earlier days, Sir Lytton Bulwer Lytton, whose "*Last Days of Pompeii*" had been the delight of my youth, paid me a great and quite undeserved compliment by dedicating to me one of his last, if not his very last work, "*The Coming Race*," 1871. The book was published anonymously, and I tried in vain to discover the author of it. It was only after his death that Lord Lytton's authorship was discovered. The book itself could hardly be called a novel, nor was there anything very striking or sensational in it. Yet, to the honor of the English public be it said, it was discovered at once that it could not be the work of an ordinary writer. It went through edition after edition, and, to the great delight of the anonymous author, was received with universal applause. *Vril* was the name given by the author to the fluid which in the hands of a *Vril-yu* was raised into the mightiest agency over all forms of matter, animate or inanimate. It destroyed like the flash of lightning, yet, differently applied, it replenished or invigorated life. With it a way could be rent through the most solid substances, and from it a light was extracted steadier, softer, and healthier than from all other inflammable materials. The fire lodged in the

hollow of a reed, and directed by the hand of a child, could shatter the strongest fortress, or cleave its burning way from the van to the rear of an embattled host. All this reads almost like a prophecy of the electric fluid in its application to engines of war and engines of peace, but its name now survives chiefly in the powerful and invigorating fluid extracted from beef, and advertised on every wall as *Bo-vril*—unless I am quite mistaken in my etymology.

There are many more of the most eminent men in England from whom I have received kindness, and with whom, even as a young man, I had some interesting intercourse. But I become more and more doubtful whether I can trust my memory, and whether, in writing down my recollections, I am doing my friends full justice. When I gave my first lectures at the Royal Institution (in 1861), I came into frequent contact with Faraday. He was then what I thought an old man, and though it was quite beyond my power to estimate his greatness, he was one of those men who at once gave one the impression that they are really great. There was great dignity and composure in his conversation, and at the same time a kindly welcome in his dark bright eyes which made one feel at home with him from the very first meeting. Though the subject I had to lecture on was quite new to him, he took the liveliest interest in my lectures. I told him how disappointed his assistant had been—I believe his name was Anderson or Robertson—when he offered me his services for my lectures, and I had to tell him that I wanted nothing, no gas, no light, no magnets, that there would be no experiments, not even diagrams to pull up and down. "O yes," said Faraday, "I know how he tells his friends that he does all the hard work at my lectures, all the experiments, but that he lets me do the talking." He seemed much amused when I told him that I had had just the same experience, and that one of my compositors was fully convinced that he was really responsible for my books, and told his fellow-

compositors that I could not have brought out a single book without him.

Faraday sat patiently through most, if not all of my lectures, and it was a pleasure to look at his face beaming with intelligence. When I lectured for the first time on the Science of Language, I had in the beginning to clear the ground of many prejudices, and amongst the rest, to dispose of what was then almost an article of faith—namely, that all the languages of the world were derived from Hebrew. I gave a whole lecture to this question, and when it was over, an imposing old lady came up to shake hands with me and to thank me for the beautiful lecture I had delivered. "How delightful it is to know," she continued, "that Adam and Eve spoke Hebrew in Paradise, and that all the other languages of the world, English not excepted, have come out of Hebrew and out of Paradise." I really felt very much humiliated, and when Faraday came up I told him what had happened. "Oh, you must not be discouraged," he said, "I hardly ever lecture on chemistry without an old dowager coming up to me with an incredulous smile and saying, 'Now, Mr. Faraday, you don't really mean to say that the water I drink is nothing but what you call oxygen and hydrogen.'" "Go on," he said, "something will always stick."

I certainly had splendid audiences; all the best men of the town were there. But brilliant as my audiences were—they included A. P. Stanley, Fredk. Maurice, Dean Milman, Bishop Thirlwall, Mill, Lady Stanley—even royalty honored me several times—the old habitués of the Royal Institution were not easy to please. The front row was generally occupied by old men with hearing-trumpets, old Indians, old generals, old clergymen, etc. A number of ladies came in with their newspaper and unfolded it before the lecture began, and seemed to read it with their eyes while their ears were supposed to follow my arguments. One's self-conceit is sometimes very much tried. After one of my lectures I saw one of the old East Indians led out by his son or nephew, who shouted in a loud voice into his father's ear, "That was a splendid lecture, was it not?" "Yes," said the old man in a still louder voice, "very interesting—very; didn't understand a single word of it." Such is reputation. On another occasion the same deaf and loud-voiced gentleman was heard to tell his neighbor who I was and what I had done. "Yes," he shouted, "I know him; he is a clever young man. And we have appointed him to do some work for us, to publish the old Bible of India. We have also made him our examiner for the Civil Service of India. A clever young man, I assure you."

That is how I rose in the estimation of the London world, and how Albemarle street became crowded with fashionable carriages, and people could hardly find places in order to hear all about Aryan roots and our Aryan ancestors, and our common Aryan home somewhere in Asia.

It was in the same Royal Institution that I first raised my voice against the thoughtless extravagances of the so-called Darwinian School, and this at a time when it required more courage to express a doubt on any Darwinian theories than to doubt the descent of all languages from Hebrew. As to Darwin himself, I had expressed my admiration of him in my very first course of lectures, and I had more particularly tried to show how the idea of evolution, or development, or growth, or whatever name we like to use instead of the name of history, had at all times been the guiding principle in the researches of the students of the "Science of Languages." Our object had always been to discover how languages came to be what they are, to study the origin and growth, or more truly the history of language. If we spoke of the development or evolution of language (*Entwickelung*) it was simply in order to avoid the constant use of the same word. We comparative philologists had, in fact, been talking evolution for more than forty years, as M. Jourdain had been talking prose all his life, without being aware of it (*sans que j'en susse rien*). But we never went into

raptures about that blessed word "evolution," or about the passage from the homogeneous to the heterogeneous.

What I, from my own point of view, valued particularly in Darwin's philosophy was the technical term of *Natural Selection*. Logically it was not quite correct, for, say what you like, selection presupposes a selector, and unless we speak mythologically, we cannot speak of nature as a selector. I should have preferred *Rational Elimination*, looking upon reason, or the Good of Plato, as the power that works for good or for fitness in all that survives. But with this restriction natural selection was the very term we wanted to signify that process which is constantly going on in language—"excluding caprice as well as necessity, including individual exertion as well as general co-operation, applicable neither to the unconscious building of bees nor to the conscious architecture of human beings, yet combining within itself both these operations, and raising them to a higher conception."¹ Natural selection was the very term we wanted for a true insight into the so-called growth of language, and it was Darwin who gave it us, even though for our own purposes we had to define it more strictly.

I gave Darwin full credit for the discovery and meaning of this new "category of thought," but the constant hal-lelujahts that were raised over the discovery of evolution showed surely an extraordinary ignorance of the history of philosophical thought in Europe. Darwin himself was the very last person to claim evolution as a discovery of his own. He knew too well how, particularly in his own special field of study, the controversy whether each so-called genus or species had required a separate act of creation, had been raging for centuries. He remembered the famous controversy in 1830 at the French Institute, between Cuvier and Geoffray Saint-Hilaire, and Goethe's equally famous remarks on the subject. It would seem as if Darwin himself

had originally been under the spell of the old idea that every species, if not every individual, required a special act of creation, and he describes, if I remember rightly, the shock it gave him when he saw for the first time that this idea had to be surrendered. It was evidently considered to be the orthodox view of creation, though I do not know why; nay, it seems to be so still, if we remember how the present Archbishop of Canterbury was represented as unfit to wear a mitre because he believed in evolution; that is, as I should say, in his senses. I myself, on the contrary, was given to understand at the time by my unorthodox friends that my want of belief in evolution was but a survival of my orthodox opinions. I was much puzzled before I could understand why I was looked at askance, till in one of the reviews, I was told in so many words that if I did not believe in evolution, I must believe in the theory of special creations, or in nothing at all. Even Tyndall, dear honest Tyndall, told me one day at the Royal Institution that it was no use my kicking against the pricks, and I then had an opportunity of telling him my mind. "When some substance is brought you," I said, "don't you first of all analyze it to find out what it consists of, before you use it for any further experiments? Well, that is really what a student of language does. When you bring him a word like evolution, the first thing he asks for is a definition. That may seem very discourteous, but it cannot be helped. Now if evolution is meant for an action, you cannot have an action without an actor, whether his action is direct or indirect. Of course you will say that we all know that, that it is mere childish logic; but, if so, we should not imagine that we can neglect this childish logic with impunity. If, on the contrary, evolution is to be taken in the sense of a process excluding an actor or evolver, this should be clearly stated, and in that case the more familiar word 'growth' would have been far preferable, because it would not have raised unfounded expectations. But even growth means

¹ Lectures on the Science of Language, vol ii., 343.

very little unless it is authenticated by history.

"If then you tell me that there is growth, not only from the sperm to men like you and me, not only from an egg to a caterpillar, from a caterpillar to a chrysalis, and from a chrysalis to a butterfly, but likewise from inorganic to organized matter, from plants to animals, from reptiles to birds, from apes to men, I have not a word to say against it. I know you to be an honest man, and if you can assure me that there are historical facts to support this transition from one species to another, or even from one genus to another, I trust you. It would be simple arrogance were I to doubt your word, within your own special sphere of study. You have seen the transition or connecting links, you know that it is not only possible, but real, and there is an end of it. Only allow me to say that from a philosophical point of view there is nothing new in this concept of growth, or, as you call it, evolution. You would never say that Lamarck had been the discoverer of growth in nature, neither has it any definite meaning to me when you say that Darwin was the discoverer of evolution. I can understand enough of Darwin's 'Origin of Species' to enable me to admire his power of observation and his true genius of combination. I can see how he has reduced the number of unnecessary species, and of unnecessary acts of so-called special creation; and that possibly he has traced back the whole of the animal and vegetable kingdoms to four beginnings, and in the end to one Creator. Darwin did not go beyond this, he required four beginnings and one Creator. It was left to his followers to carry out his principles, as they thought, by eliminating the Creator, and reducing the four beginnings to one. If you think that all this rests on well ascertained facts, I have nothing to say except to express my surprise that some men of great learning and undoubted honesty are not so positive as to these facts as you are. But with the exception of a Creator, that is, a subjective author of the uni-

verse, all this is really outside my special province, and I could afford to be silent. Only when Darwin maintains the transition from some highly developed animal into a human being, I say, Stop! Here the student of language has a word to say, and I say that language is something that puts an impasse barrier between beast and man."

Soon after, when I had been asked to give a new course of lectures at the Royal Institution, I had selected this very point, the barrier which language forms between man and brute, for my subject, and as Darwin's "Descent of Man" was then occupying the thoughts of philosophers, I advertised my lectures as on "Darwin's Philosophy of Language." Entertaining, as I did, a sincere admiration for Darwin, I felt that it would have been discourteous to pass over what he had said on language, and to refer to former philosophers only, beginning with Epicurus and ending with Mr. H. Wedgwood's Etymological Dictionary of the English Language (second edit., 1872). It so happened that the author of that Dictionary was a friend of Darwin's, and had easily persuaded him that interjections and imitations of natural sounds formed the material elements of all human speech, and that, as certain animals barked, and mocking birds and parrots imitated sounds which they heard, there seemed to be no reason whatever why animals in a few millions of years should not have invented a language of their own. This naturally fell in with Darwin's own views and wishes, and though he always spoke with great reserve on the subject of language, yet he would have been more than human if he had surrendered his conviction of the descent of man from some kind of animal on account of this, as it seemed to him, so easily removable barrier of language. Given a sufficient number of years, he thought, and why should not bow-wow and pooh-pooh have evolved into "I bark" and "I despise"? The fact that no animal had ever evolved such words could not be denied, but it could be ignored, or explained away by evidence

clearly showing that animals communicated with each other; as if to communicate were the same as to speak. My object in my lectures (published at the time in *Longman's Magazine*) was to show that no such transition from *pooh-pooh* to *I despise* is possible; nay, that even the first step, the formation of roots, that is, of general concepts out of single sounds, that is, single percepts, is beyond the power of any animal, except the human animal. Even now it is only the human baby or puppy that can learn human language, and what is the mere learning of language, compared with the creation of language, which was the real task of those human animals that became men? In all the arguments which I used in support of my theory—a theory no longer controverted, I believe, by any competent and independent scholar and thinker—I never used a single disrespectful word about Mr. Darwin. But for all that I was supposed to have blasphemed, again not by Mr. Darwin himself, but by those who call themselves his bulldogs. I was actually suspected of having written that notorious article in the *Quarterly Review* which gave such just offence to Darwin. Darwin himself was above all this, and I have his letter in which he writes, January 5, 1875:—

I have just read the few first pages of your article in the *Contemporary Review*, and I hope that you will permit me to say that neither I, nor my son, ever supposed that you were the author of the review in the *Quarterly*. You are about the last man in England to whom I should have attributed such a review. I know it was written by Mr. M., and the utterly false and base statements contained in it are worthy of the man.

But what was better still, Mr. Darwin gave me an opportunity of discussing the facts and arguments which stood between him and me in a personal interview. Sir John Lubbock took me to see the old philosopher at his place, Down, Beckenham, Kent, and there are few episodes in my life which I value more. I need not de-

scribe the simplicity of his house, and the grandeur of the man who had lived and worked in it for so many years. Darwin gave me a hearty welcome, showed me his garden and his flowers, and then took me into his study, and standing leaning against his desk began to examine me. He said at once that personally he was quite ignorant of the science of language, and had taken his facts and opinions chiefly from Mr. Wedgwood. I had been warned that Darwin could not carry on a serious discussion for more than about ten minutes or a quarter of an hour, as it always brought on his lifelong complaint of sickness. I therefore put before him in the shortest way possible the difficulties which prevented me from accepting the theory of animals forming a language out of interjections and sounds of nature. I laid stress on the fact that no animal except the human animal, had ever made a step towards generalization of percepts, and towards roots, the real elements of all languages, as signs of such generalized percepts, and I gave him a few illustrations of how our words for one to ten, for father, mother, sun and moon had really and historically been evolved. That man thus formed a real anomaly in the growth of the animal kingdom, as conceived by him, I fully admitted. He listened most attentively, without making any objections, but before he shook hands and left me, he said in the kindest way, "You are a dangerous man." I ventured to reply, "There can be no danger in our search for truth," and he left the room.

He was exactly the man I had imagined, massive in his forehead, kind in his smile, and hardly bent under the burden of his knowledge or the burden of his years. I must give one more of his letters, because my late friend Romanes, who saw it in my album, seems to me to have entirely misapprehended its meaning. He saw in it a proof of Mr. Darwin's extraordinary humility. I do not deny his humility, it was extraordinary, and, what is more, it was genuine. All great men know how lit-

tle they know in comparison with what they do not know. They are humble, they do not only wish to appear so. But I see in Darwin's letter his humor rather than his humility. I see him chuckling while he wrote it, and though I value it as a treasure, I never looked upon it as a trophy.

Down, Beckenham, Kent,
Oct. 15, 1875.

My Dear Sir,—

I am greatly obliged to you for so kindly sending me your essay, which I am sure will interest me much. With respect to our differences, though some of your remarks have been rather stinging, they have all been made so gracefully, I declare that I am like the man in the story who boasted that he had been soundly horse-whipped by a duke.

Pray believe me,
Yours very sincerely,
CHARLES DARWIN.

F. MAX MULLER.

IN KEDAR'S TENTS.¹
BY HENRY SETON MERRIMAN, AUTHOR OF "THE SOWERS."

CHAPTER XIX.

CONEPCION TAKES THE ROAD.

"Who knows? The man is proven by the hour."

After the great storm came a calm almost as startling. It seemed, indeed, as if nature stood abashed and silent before the results of her sudden rage. Day after day the sun glared down from a cloudless sky, and all Castile was burnt brown as a desert. In the streets of Madrid there arose a hot dust, and that subtle odor of warm earth that rarely meets the nostrils in England. It savored of India and other sun-steeped lands, where water is too precious to throw upon the roads.

Those who could remained indoors or in their shady *patrios* until the heat of the day was past, and such as worked in the open lay unchallenged in the shade from midday till three o'clock.

¹ Copyright, 1896, by Henry Seton Merriman.

During those days military operations were almost suspended, although the heads of departments were busy enough in their offices. The confusion of war, it seemed, was past, and the sore-needed peace was immediately turned to good account. The army of the queen regent was, indeed, in an almost wrecked condition, and among the field officers jealousy and backbiting, which had smouldered through the war-time, broke out openly. General Vincente was rarely at home, and Estella passed this time in quiet seclusion. Coming as she did from Andalusia, she was accustomed to an even greater heat, and knew how to avoid the discomfort of it.

She was sitting one afternoon with open windows and closed jalousies, during the time of the siesta, when the servant announced Father Concha.

The old priest came into the room wiping his brow with simple ill-manners.

"You have been hurrying, and have no regard for the sun," said Estella.

"You need not find shelter for an old ox," replied Concha, seating himself. "It is the young ones that expose themselves unnecessarily."

Estella glanced at him sharply, but said nothing. He sat, handkerchief in hand, and stared at a shaft of sunlight that lay across the floor from a gap in the jalousies. From the street under the windows came the distant sounds of traffic and the cries of the vendors of water, fruit, and newspapers.

Father Concha looked puzzled, and seemed to be seeking his way out of a difficulty. Estella sat back in her chair, half hidden by her slow-waving black fan. There is no pride so difficult as that which is unconscious of its own existence, no heart so hard to touch as that which throws its stake and asks neither sympathy nor admiration from the outside world. Concha glanced at Estella, and wondered if he had been mistaken. There was in the old man's heart, as, indeed, there is in nearly all human hearts, a thwarted instinct. How many are there with paternal instincts who have no chil-

dren, how many a poet has been lost by the crying needs of hungry mouths. It was a thwarted instinct that made the old priest busy himself with the affairs of other people, and always of young people.

"I came hoping to see your father," he said at length, blandly untruthful. "I have just seen Conyngham, in whom we are all interested, I think. His lack of caution is singular. I have been trying to persuade him not to do something most rash and imprudent. You remember the incident in your garden at Ronda—a letter which he gave to Julia?"

"Yes," answered Estella quietly; "I remember."

"For some reason, which he did not explain, I understand that he is desirous of regaining possession of that letter, and now Julia, writing from Toledo, tells him that she will give it to him if he will go there and fetch it. The Toledo road, as you will remember, is hardly to be recommended to Mr. Conyngham."

"But Julia wishes him no harm," said Estella.

"My child, rarely trust a political man and never a political woman. If Julia wished him to have the letter, she could have sent it to him by post. But Conyngham, who is all eagerness, must needs refuse to listen to my argument, and starts this afternoon for Toledo—alone. He has not even his servant, Concepcion Vara, who has suddenly disappeared, and a woman, who claims to be the scoundrel's wife, from Algeciras, has been making inquiries at Conyngham's lodging. A hen's eyes are where her eggs lie. I offered to go to Toledo with Conyngham, but he laughed at me for a useless old priest, and said that the saddle would gall me."

He paused, looking at her beneath his shaggy brows, knowing, as he had always known, that this was a woman beyond his reach—cleverer, braver, of a higher mind than her sisters—one to whom he might perchance tender some small assistance, but nothing better; for women are wiser in their generation

than men, and usually know better what is for their own happiness. Estella returned his glance with steady eyes.

"He has gone," said Concha. "I have not been sent to tell you that he is going."

"I did not think that you had," she answered.

"Conyngham has enemies in this country," continued the priest, "and despises them, a mistake to which his countrymen are singularly liable. He has gone off on this foolish quest without preparation or precaution. Toledo is, as you know, a hotbed of intrigue and dissatisfaction. All the malcontents in Spain congregate there, and Conyngham would do well to avoid their company. Who lies down with dogs gets up with fleas."

He paused, tapping his snuff-box, and at that moment the door opened to admit General Vincente.

"Oh, the padre!" cried that cheerful soldier. "But what a sun—eh? It is cool here, however, and Estella's room is always a quiet one."

He touched her cheek affectionately, and drew forward a low chair, wherein he sat, carefully disposing of the sword that always seemed too large for him.

"And what news has the padre?" he asked, daintily touching his brow with his folded pocket-handkerchief.

"Bad!" growled Concha, and then told his tale over again in a briefer, blunter manner. "It all arises," he concluded, "from my pestilential habit of interfering in the affairs of other people."

"No," said General Vincente; "it arises from Conyngham's pestilential habit of acquiring friends wherever he goes."

The door was opened again and a servant entered.

"Excellency," he said, "a man called Concepcion Vara, who desires a moment."

"What did I tell you?" said the general to Concha. "Another of Conyngham's friends. Spain is full of them. Let Concepcion Vara come to this room."

The servant looked slightly surprised and retired. If, however, this manner of reception was unusual, Concepcion was too finished a man of the world to betray either surprise or embarrassment. By good fortune he happened to be wearing a coat. His flowing, un-starched shirt was, as usual, spotless; he wore a flower in the ribbon of the hat carried jauntily in his hand, and about his person, in the form of a handkerchief and *faja*, were those touches of bright color, by means of which he so irresistibly attracted the eye of the fair.

"Excellency!" he murmured, bowing on the threshold. "Reverendo!" with one step forward and a respectful semi-religious inclination of the head toward Concha. "Señorita!" The ceremony here concluded with a profound obelance to Estella, full of gallantry and grave admiration. Then he stood upright, and indicated by a pleasant smile that no one need feel embarrassed—that, in fact, this meeting was most opportune.

"A matter of urgency, excellency," he said confidentially to Vincente. "I have reason to suspect that one of my friends—in fact, the Señor Conyngham, with whom I am at the moment in service, happens to be in danger."

"Ah! What makes you suspect that, my friend?"

Concepcion waved his hand airily, as if indicating that the news had been brought to him by the birds of the air.

"When one goes into the *café*," he said, "one is not always so particular, one associates with those who happen to be there—muleteers, diligencia-drivers, bull-fighters, all and sundry, even *contrabandistas*."

He made this last admission with a face full of pious toleration, and Father Concha laughed grimly.

"That is true, my friend," said the general, hastening to cover the priest's little lapse of good manners. "And from these gentlemen, honest enough in their way, no doubt, you have learnt—"

"That the Señor Conyngham has enemies in Spain."

"So I understand; but he has also friends."

"He has one," said Vara, taking up a fine picturesque attitude, with his left hand at his waist, where the deadly knife was concealed in the rolls of his *faja*.

"Then he is fortunate," said the general, with his most winning smile. "Why do you come to me, my friend?"

"I require two men," answered Concepcion airily. "That is all."

"Ah! What sort of men—*guardia civil*?"

"The holy saints forbid! Honest soldiers, if it please your excellency. The *guardia civil*, see you, excellency—"

He paused, shaking his outspread hand from side to side, palm downward, fingers apart, as if describing a low level of humanity.

"A brutal set of men," he continued, "with the finger ever on the trigger and the rifle ever loaded. Pam! and a life is taken—many of my friends—at least, many persons I have met—in the *café*."

"It is better to give him his two men, put in Father Concha, in his atrocious English, speaking to the general. "The man is honest in his love of Conyngham if in nothing else."

"And if I accord you these two men, my friend," said the general, from whose face Estella's eyes had never moved, "will you undertake that Mr. Conyngham comes to no harm?"

"I will arrange it," replied Concepcion, with an easy shrug of the shoulders—"I will arrange it, never fear."

"You shall have two men," said General Vincente, drawing a writing case toward himself and proceeding to write the necessary order—"men who are known to me personally. You can rely upon them at all times—"

"Since they are friends of his excellency's," interrupted Concepcion, with much condescension, "that suffices."

"He will require money," said Estella in English, her eyes bright and her cheeks flushed; for she came of a fighting race, and her repose of manner, the dignity which sat rather strangely on her slim young shoulders, were only

signs of that self-control which had been handed down to her through the ages.

The general nodded as he wrote.

"Take that to headquarters," he said, handing the papers to Concepcion, "and in less than half an hour your men will be ready. Mr. Conyngham is a friend of mine, as you know, and any expenses incurred on his behalf will be defrayed by myself."

Concepcion held up his hand.

"It is unnecessary," excellency," he said. "At present Mr. Conyngham has funds. Only yesterday he gave me money. He liquidated my little account. It has always been a jest between us, that little account."

He laughed pleasantly and moved toward the door.

"Vara," said Father Concha.

"Yes, reverendo."

"If I meet your wife in Madrid, what shall I say to her?"

Concepcion turned and looked into the smiling face of the old priest.

"In Madrid, reverendo? How can you think of such a thing? My wife lives in Algeciras, and at times, see you"—he stopped, casting his eyes up to the ceiling and fetching an exaggerated sigh—"at times my heart aches. But now I must get to the saddle. What a thing is duty, reverendo—duty! God be with your excellencies."

And he hurried out of the room.

"If you would make a thief honest trust him," said Concha when the door was closed.

In less than an hour Concepcion was on the road, accompanied by two troopers, who were ready enough to travel in company with a man of his reputation, for in Spain, if one cannot be a bull-fighter, it is good to be a smuggler. At sunset the great heat culminated in a thunderstorm, which drew a veil of heavy cloud across the sky, and night fell before its time.

The horsemen had covered two thirds of their journey, when he whom they followed came in sight of the lights of Toledo, set upon a rock, like the jewels in a lady's cluster ring, and almost surrounded by the swift Tagus. Conyng-

ham's horse was tired, and stumbled more than once on the hill by which the traveller descends to the great bridge and the gate that Wamba built thirteen hundred years ago.

Through this gate he passed into the city, which was a city of the dead, with its hundred ruined churches, its empty palaces, and silent streets. Ichabod is written large over all these tokens of a bygone glory—where the Jews, flying from Jerusalem, first set foot; where the Moor reigned unmolested for nearly four hundred years; where the Goth and the Roman and the great Spaniard of the Middle Ages have trod on each other's heels. Truly, these worn stones have seen the greatness of the greatest nations of the world.

A single lamp hung slowly swinging in the arch of Wamba's Gate, and the streets were but ill-lighted with an oil lantern at an occasional corner. Conyngham had been in Toledo before, and knew his way to the inn under the shadow of the great Alcazar, now burnt and ruined. Here he left his horse, for the streets of Toledo are so narrow and tortuous, so ill-paved and steep, that wheel traffic is almost unknown, while a horse can with difficulty keep his feet on the rounded cobble-stones. In this city men go about their business on foot, which makes the streets as silent as the deserted houses.

Julia had selected a spot which was easy enough to find, and Conyngham, having supped, made his way thither without asking for directions.

"It is, at all events, worth trying," he said to himself; "and she can scarcely have forgotten that I saved her life on the Garonne, as well as at Ronda."

But there is often in a woman's life one man who can make her forget all. The streets were deserted, for it was a cold night, and the cafés were carefully closed against the damp air. No one stirred in the Calle Pedro Martir, and Conyngham peered into the shadow of the high wall of the Church of San Tome in vain. Then he heard the soft tread of muffled feet, and turning on his heel charged to meet the charge of

his two assailants. Two of them went down like felled trees, but there were others—four others—who fell on him silently, like hounds upon a fox, and in a few moments all was quiet again in the Calle Pedro Martir.

CHAPTER XX.

ON THE TALAVERA ROAD.

"Les barrières servant à indiquer où il faut passer."

An hour's ride to the west of Toledo, on the road to Torrijos and Talavera, and in the immediate neighborhood of the villages of Galvez, two men sat in the shadow of a great rock and played cards. They played quietly and without vociferation, illustrating the advantages of a minute coinage. They had gambled with varying fortune since the hour of the siesta, and a sprinkling of cigarette ends on the bare rocks around them testified to the indulgence of a kindred vice.

The elder of the two men glanced from time to time over his shoulder, and down toward the dusty highroad, which lay across the arid plain beneath them like a tape. The country here is barren and stone-ridden, but to the west, where Torrijos gleamed on the plain, the earth was green with the bush corn and heavy blades of the maize now springing into ear. Where these two soldiers sat the herbage was scant and of an aromatic scent, as it mostly is in hot countries and in rocky places. That these men belonged to a mounted branch of the service was evident from their equipment, and notably from the great rusty spurs at their heels. They were clad in cotton—dusty white breeches, dusty blue tunics—a sort of undress tempered by the vicissitudes of a long war and the laxity of discipline engendered by political trouble at home.

They had left their horses in the stable of a *venta*, hidden among flex-trees by the roadside, and had clambered to this point of vantage above the highway to pass the afternoon after the manner of their race, for the Spaniard will be found playing cards amid

the wreck of the world and in the intervals between the stupendous events of the day.

"He comes," said the older man at length, as he leisurely shuffled the greasy cards; "I hear his horse's feet."

And, indeed, the great silence which seems to brood over the uplands of Spain—the silence, as it were, of an historic past and a dead present—was broken by the distant regular beat of hoofs.

The trooper who had spoken was a bullet-headed Castilian, with square jaws and close-set eyes. His companion, a younger man, merely nodded his head, and studied the cards which had just been dealt to him. The game progressed, and Concepcion Vara, on the Toledo road, approached at a steady trot. This man showed to greater advantage on horseback and beneath God's open sky than in the streets of a city. Here, on the open and among the mountains, he held his head erect and faced the world, ready to hold his own against it. In the streets he wore a furtive air, and glanced from left to right, fearing recognition.

He now took his tired horse to the stable of the little *venta*, where, with his usual gallantry, he assisted a hideous old bag to find a place in the stalls. While uttering a gay compliment he deftly secured for his mount a feed of corn which was much in excess of that usually provided for the money.

"Ah!" he said, as he tipped the measure, "I can always tell when a woman has been pretty; but with you, señora, no such knowledge is required. You will have your beauty for many years yet."

Thus Vara and his horse fared ever well upon the road. He lingered at the stable door, knowing that corn poured into the manger may yet find its way back to the bin, and then turned his steps toward the mountain.

The cards were still falling with a whispering sound upon the rock selected as a table, and with the spirit of a true sportsman Concepcion waited until the hand was played out before imparting his news.

"It is well," he said at length. "A carriage has been ordered from a friend of mine in Toledo to take the road to-night to Talavera, and Talavera is on the way to Lisbon. What did I tell you?"

The two soldiers nodded. One was counting his gains, which amounted to almost threepence. The loser wore a brave air of indifference, as behooved a reckless soldier, taking loss or gain in a Spartan spirit.

"There will be six men," continued Concepcion—"two on horseback, two on the box, two inside the carriage with their prisoner, my friend."

"Ah!" said the younger soldier thoughtfully.

Concepcion looked at him.

"What have you in your mind?" he asked.

"I was wondering how three men could best kill six."

"Out of six," said the older man, "there is always one who runs away. I have found it so in my experience."

"And of five there is always one who cannot use his knife," added Concepcion.

Still the younger soldier, who had medals all across his chest, shook his head.

"I am afraid," he said—"I am always afraid before I fight."

Concepcion looked at the man whom General Vincente had selected from a brigade of tried soldiers, and gave a little upward jerk of the head.

"With me," he said, "it is afterward, when all is over. Then my hand shakes and the wet trickles down my face."

He laughed and spread out his hands.

"And yet," he said gaily, "it is the best game of all; is it not so?"

The troopers shrugged their shoulders. One may have too much of even the best game.

"The carriage is ordered for eight o'clock," continued the practical Concepcion, rolling a cigarette, which he placed behind his ear, where a clerk would carry his pen. "Those who take the road when the night birds come abroad have something to hide. We

will see what they have in their carriage—eh? The horses are tired for the journey to Galvez, where a relay is doubtless ordered. It will be a fine night for a journey. There is a half moon, which is better than the full for those who use the knife; but the Galvez horses will not be required, I think."

The younger soldier, upon whose shoulder gleamed the stars of a rapid promotion, looked up to the sky, where a few fleecy clouds were beginning to gather above the setting sun, like sheep about a gate.

"A half moon for the knife and a full moon for firearms," he said.

"Yes; and they will shoot quick enough if we give them the chance," said Concepcion. "They are Carlists! There is a river between this and Galvez, a little stream, such as we have in Andalusia, so small that there is only a ford and no bridge. The bed of the river is soft. The horses will stop, or, at all events, must go at the walking pace. Across the stream are a few trees"—he paused, illustrating his description with rapid gestures and an imaginary diagram drawn upon the rock with the forefinger—"ilex, and here, to the left, some pines. The stream runs thus from north-east to south-west. The bank is high, and over here are low-lying meadows, where pigs feed."

He looked up, and the two soldiers nodded. The position lay before them like a bird's-eye view, and Concepcion, in whom Spain had perhaps lost a guerilla general, had only set eyes on the spot once as he rode past it.

"This matter is best settled on foot; is it not so? We cross the stream and tie our horses to the pine-trees. I will recross the water, and come back to meet the carriage at the top of the hill—here. The horsemen will be in advance. We will allow them to cross the stream. The horses will come out of the water slowly, or I know nothing of horses. As they step up the incline you take them, and remember to give them the chance of running away. In midstream I will attack the two on the

box, pulling him who is not driving into the water by his legs, and giving him the blade in the right shoulder above the lung. He will think himself dead, but should recover. Then you must join me. We shall be three to three, unless the Englishman's hands are loose, then we shall be four to three, and need do no man any injury. The Englishman is as strong as two, and quick with it as big men rarely are."

"Do you take a hand?" asked the Castilian, fingering the cards.

"No; I have affairs. Continue your game."

So the sun went down, and the two soldiers continued their game, while Concepcion sat beside them and slowly, lovingly sharpened his knife on a piece of slate, which he carried in his pocket for the purpose.

After sunset there usually arises a cold breeze, which blows across the tablelands of Castile quite gently and unobtrusively. A local proverb says of this wind that it will extinguish a man, but not a candle. When this arose the three men descended the mountain-side, and sat down to a simple, if highly flavored meal, provided by the ancient mistress of the *venta*. At half past eight, when there remained nothing of the day but a faint, greenish light in the western sky, the little party mounted their horses and rode away toward Galvez.

"It's better," said Concepcion, with a meaning and gallant bow to the hostess—"it's for my peace of mind. I am but a man."

Then he haggled over the price of the supper.

They rode forward to the ford described by Concepcion, and there made their preparations carefully and coolly, as men recognizing the odds against them. The half moon was just rising as the soldiers plashed through the water, leading Concepcion's horse, he remaining on the Toledo side of the river.

"The saints protect us!" said the nervous soldier, and his hand shook on the bridle. His companion smiled at the recollection of former fights passed

through together. It is well, in love and war, to beware of him who is afraid.

Shortly after nine o'clock the silence of that deserted plain was broken by a distant murmur, which presently shaped itself into the beat of horses' feet. To this was added soon the rumble of wheels. The elder soldier put a whole cigarette into his mouth and chewed it; the younger man made no movement now. They crouched low at their posts, one on each side of the ford. Concepcion was across the river, but they could not see him. In Andalusia they say that a contrabandist can conceal himself behind half a brick.

The two riders were well in front of the carriage, and, as had been foreseen, the horses lingered on the rise of the bank, as if reluctant to leave the water without having tasted it. In a moment the younger soldier had his man out of the saddle, raising his own knee sharply as the man fell, so that the falling head and the lifted knee came into deadly contact. It was a trick well known to the trooper, who let the insensible form roll to the ground, and immediately darted down the bank to the stream. The other soldier was chasing his opponent up the hill, shelling him as he rode away with oaths and stones prepared for the mending of the road.

In mid-stream the clumsy travelling carriage had come to a standstill. The driver on the box, having cast down his reins, was engaged in imploring the assistance of a black-letter saint, upon which assistance he did not hesitate to put a price in candles. There was a scurrying in the water, which was about two feet deep, where Concepcion was settling accounts with the man who had been seated by the driver's side. A half-choked scream of pain appeared to indicate that Concepcion had found the spot he sought, above the right lung, and that amiable smuggler now rose dripping from the flood and hurried to the carriage.

"Conyngham!" he shouted, laying aside that ceremony upon which he never set great store.

"Yes," answered a voice from within.
"Is that you, Concepcion?"

"Of course; throw them out."

"But the door is locked," answered Conyngham in a muffled voice, and the carriage began to rock and crack upon its springs as if an earthquake were taking place inside it.

"The window is good enough for such rubbish," said Concepcion. As he spoke, a man, violently propelled from within, came head foremost, and most blasphemously vociferous into Concepcion's arms, who immediately and with the rapidity of a terrier had him by the throat and forced him under water.

"You have hold of my leg—you on the other side!" shouted Conyngham from the turmoil within.

"A thousand pardons, señor!" said the soldier, and took a new grip of another limb.

Concepcion, holding his man under water, heard the sharp crack of another head upon the soldier's knee-cap, and knew that all was well.

"That is all?" he inquired.

"That is all," replied the soldier, who did not seem at all nervous now; "and we have killed no one."

"Put a knife into that son of a mule who prays upon the box there," said Concepcion judicially. "This is no time for prayer—just where the neck joins the shoulder—that is a good place."

And a sudden silence reigned upon the box.

"Pull the carriage to the bank!" commanded Concepcion. "There is no need for the English excellency to wet his feet; he might catch a cold."

They all made their way to the bank, where, in the dim moonlight, one man sat nursing his shoulder, while another lay, at length, quite still, upon the pebbles. The young soldier laid a second victim to the same deadly trick beside him, while Concepcion patted his foe kindly on the back.

"It is well," he said, "you have swallowed water. You will be sick, and then you will be well. But if you move from that spot I will let the water out another way."

And laughing pleasantly at this delicate display of humor, he turned to help Conyngham, who was clambering out of the carriage window.

"My hands are tied," said the Englishman. "Where is your knife?"

The operation took some little time, though Concepcion's hand was steady enough, for the straps were thick and the light of the moon but feeble.

"Whom have you with you?" asked Conyngham.

"Two honest soldiers of General Vincente's division. You see, señor, you have good friends."

"Yes, I see that."

"One of them," said Concepcion meaningly, "is at Toledo at the moment journeying after you."

"Ah!"

"The Señor Pleydell."

"Then we will go back to meet him."

"I thought so," said Concepcion.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

A CITY OF MANY WATERS.

Strictly speaking, a city of one water only; but so ingeniously has this compliant river been damned here, sluiced there, coaxed into a new channel on that side and wheedled into a dozen conduits on this, that one cannot go far in the streets without hearing a gurgle or a rush, and, peering over the brick parapet beside the way, beholding a limpid current, wherein great, pale trout lie fanning themselves among the waving water-weeds the livelong summer day. It is well for Winchester that the Itchen has its reservoirs so deep in the chalk ridges that the rain falling on them one winter does not find its way into the channel till the next. That is the plan on which nearly all rivers were laid down originally. The destructive floods which scarify the land and scare the dwellers in it only come after reckless, greedy man has stripped the uplands of wood, placed there to arrest the sudden glut of water. The mighty

sponges of the chalk he cannot spoil—only nibble them into pits here and there, or scratch them with railway cuttings. So the Itchen flows on now with much the same current, liberal through all summer drought and committing no excesses in winter, as it did when the Roman galleys first swarmed into its estuary.

Advancing up the river, the practised eye of the general of the Legion fixed on a bare chalk down, marking the verge of the Andredesweald—the primeval forest, stretching eastward one hundred and twenty miles—as the best strategic position in the valley. This down men now speak of as St. Catherine's Hill; but the intrenchments thereon were known to their Celtic garrison as Caer Gwent—the white stronghold—and the invaders appropriated both the fortress and its name. Thus Winchester owes its present name to its native chalk, for when the Romans marked out a fresh camp in the vale below the hill, they found, as so many explorers have done, that it was much easier to keep the old name than invent a new one, and on their lips Gwent naturally became Venta—Venta Belgarum. Then, when these had run their day, came the Saxons, who transformed it into Wintecæster—the camp of Venta—Winchester.

It is a curious reflection that this quiet little cathedral town, nestled so snugly in its leafy valley, was within an ace, or two two's, or whatsoever most forcibly expresses "all but," becoming the capital of all England. It was the royal city of Wessex: here Alfred the Great held his court; though of his palace of Wolvesey hardly any traces remain at this day, for it was dismantled in 1155 by Henry II., when he set himself to humble the pride and cripple the power of Henry de Blois, brother of King Stephen and Bishop of Winchester. But it was in Wolvesey that the "Liber de Winton" was compiled by Alfred's order—the origin of Domesday Book, remaining the official statistical record till, as is said, it was destroyed as useless on being super-

sed by the Conqueror's more comprehensive survey.

Of Alfred's doings at Winchester the records are tolerably ample, from the annals which he caused the monks of St. Swithun's to compile. Of these, the original manuscript, now in the library of Corpus Christi College, Cambridge, was chained to a desk in Wolvesey Castle; tradition affirms that the great king himself used to write in it down to the year 891; and the book ever lay open, so that all men who could read might trace therein the annual register as it grew. The warrior king had a great reverence for letters, and the fame of Winchester as a seat of learning was heard afar. The Christian communities of Ireland had got a long start in literature over those in Britain; they were not slow to take notice of the favor shown to scholars by Alfred. The voyage across St. George's Channel was hazardous, by reason of the northern pirates who swarmed there; nevertheless, in 891 came three Scots—*i.e.*, Irish—in a boat "made of two skins and a half," with provisions for a week, who, landing in Cornwall, made their way to Alfred's court at Winchester. Their names—good Gaelic ones, to wit—stand in the chronicle to this day—Dubslane, Maccbetha, and Maelinnum.

Doubts have been thrown on the story of King Alfred and the burnt cakes, but it is as well authenticated as anything in his reign, and Asser, the king's intimate friend, is the chief authority for it. He adds (and both Florence of Worcester and William of Malmesbury confirm the strange story) that the swineherd Denulf, in whose house the incident happened, was remembered by the king after his restoration. Alfred having been struck by the fellow's intelligence, directed that he should be educated for the priesthood, and in the end appointed him Bishop of Winchester. But none of the depoents mention how it fared with Denulf's wife, the chief personage in the burnt-cake episode. It is to be hoped she shared her husband's elevation—for the church had not departed

in those early days from the Pauline precept, that "a bishop be the husband of one wife."

Alfred was a puissant soldier as well as a scribe, and a good sailor to boot, as it behoved one who should hold Wessex against the amphibious Dane. His crowning victory over Guthorm or Godrun at Chippenham in 878 resulted in the treaty of Waedmor, which established him as king of Wessex, and of as much of Mercia as lay to the west of the Danelaw—namely, Norfolk, Suffolk, Cambridgeshire, Essex, Herts, and parts of the shires of Bedford and Huntingdon. And thus was the kingdom of England founded, with Winchester as the capital. In that city the Witenagemot continued to assemble; thence Alfred issued the Domboe, or code of Wessex law; and thither, in 897, were brought to him the prisoners captured from the fleet of the Danish usurper Hasting, to be hanged on the walls of Wolvesey castle. In this union of Wessex and Mercia, London, the chief town of the latter realm, was too busy a seaport to be overlooked; but the day of London did not dawn till long afterwards.

The bones of the founder of English monarchy have been lost. They laid Alfred the Great in the Old Minster of St. Swithun, where the cathedral now stands; but the monks vowed that his ghost walked and gave them no rest, so the remains were removed to the half-finished New Minster, which had been founded just behind the old one. As time went on, the proximity of these two minsters was found to be too great a strain on the Christian love of the brethren; so the monks of the newer foundation migrated in 1110 to a spot outside the city walls, where they built Hyde Abbey and Monastery. Alfred's bones they carried with them, and laid in a new tomb; but it is our mournful part to record, with what patience God may grant us, that towards the close of last century the corporation of Winchester—Alfred's own city—being fired with the modern craze for improvement, caused the ruins of Hyde Abbey to be swept away, and used the

material thereof for building a new jail. Worst of all, they suffered a wayfaring antiquary to carry off a certain stone of memory to Corby Castle in Cumberland, where it may still be seen, and the inscription thereon read—

ALFRED REX: DCCCCLXXXI.

Thus the ashes of the great king were scattered, as well as those of his doughty son Edward. But he still lives in his writings, and space may be found to quote one of the numerous interpolations he made in his translation of Boethius; for albeit it contains no more than a well-worn reflection on a trite subject, such as thoughtful men have ejaculated through all the ages, it throws some light on the intellectual degree of the first king of England:—

True friends! I say that this is the most precious of all the riches of the world. They are not even to be reckoned among the goods of the world, but as divine ones; because false fortune can neither bring them nor take them away. Nature attracts and limes men together with inseparable love. But with the riches of this world, and by our present prosperity, men more often make an enemy than a friend.

The kingdom founded by Alfred endured for a century and a half, and owed its destruction to one of the first acts in the long struggle for civil supremacy between Church and State. Winchester was then, as it remained for centuries afterwards, the richest see in England; so that in later years, when William of Edington was made to exchange it for the metropolitan dignity of Canterbury, he murmured with a sigh, "Though Canterbury is the higher rock, Winchester is the richer manger." Yet Dunstan, the leader of the monastic reformation of the tenth century, proudly refused to become Bishop of Winchester, having a far loftier ambition to serve when King Edred died. Edwy, his successor, was but a lad of sixteen when he ascended the throne, and Dunstan did not lose a day in asserting his authority over the new king. Edwy had made a love-match with his beautiful cousin Elgiva;

but the churchmen would not recognize their marriage, which was within the forbidden degrees. No terms are too harsh for the monkish chronicler Osberne to pour on the girl—*mulieris animum instigat Diabolus*. On the day of his coronation at Winchester, the poor young king, wearied with the long ceremony, refused to sit and drink all night with the nobles and clergy, and, thinking it high time to "join the ladies," withdrew to his wife's apartments in Wolvesey castle. Now a king that would not get royally drunk at his own coronation was no king for the Saxons; the guests were furious at this affront to their *lata convivia*. Odo, Archbishop of Canterbury, was present, and ordered Dunstan and Bishop Cynesius to bring their monarch back to the board. These, hurrying off, burst into the room where Edwy was sitting with his queen and mother-in-law, his golden crown lying on the ground at Elgiva's feet. Dunstan delivered his summons, with which the king flatly refused to comply; whereupon Dunstan, who probably had drunk already quite as much as he could conveniently carry, made a most offensive harangue to the ladies, seized hold on the king, rammed the crown on his head, and, assisted by Cynesius, forcibly carried him back into the banqueting-hall. Elwy had plenty of spirit; he chastised Dunstan for this outrage by stripping him of his abbacy, and sent him into banishment. But he was not strong enough to fight the Church; all his kingdom north of the Thames slipped from his grasp, and the virulent Odo pronounced a divorce between him and his queen.

Unhappy Elgiva! not content with thus ruining her fame, Odo caused her to be seized in her palace of Wolvesey, branded in her beautiful face, and banished to Ireland. Worse was in store for her. "After a while," as Osberne, with redundancy of vituperation un gallantly describes, "her wounds being healed, but with the deformity of her shameless mind still gaping, she left Ireland and came to Gloucester, steeped in the obstinacy of a black heart." *Homo homini lupus*; the vengeance of

the Church which she had incurred was wreaked with devilish atrocity. Elgiva was seized *ab hominibus servis Dei*—by men in the service of God—acting, that is, under orders from Odo and Dunstan—and the sinews of her legs were severed, so that she might wander no more. Incredible as it might seem, were it not testified by the writings of Osberne, who was briefed by the clerical party, the young queen was actually hamstrung by these fiends. Of course, to palliate such severity, Elgiva is made to appear a dissolute, unworthy female; but the testimony of men who could carry out such abominations as their own annalist describes is not worth much against the character of their victim. She died under her torments; and Edwy himself—*pro suis criminibus eliminato et misera morte damnato*—perished in a mysterious way, doubtless by assassination, near Gloucester, where he had gone to meet his beloved wife. It is a singular illustration of the prejudice which besets ecclesiastical historians in dealing with affairs involving the reputation of churchmen, that Dr. Milner, Vicar Apostolic of the Midland district, an able, and, in lay matters, an impartial chronicler, writing in 1798, described Elgiva as "a wicked woman, of great beauty and high birth;" repeated (though he did not dare to translate) the abominable gossip about the scene in Elgiva's room, and vehemently vindicated the actions of Odo and St. Dunstan.¹ The whole passage is one of lamentable insincerity, suppressing Osberne's statement that the final punishment of the queen was inflicted by "men in the service of God," and throwing the blame on the thanes, "then in arms against Edwy."

Dunstan, after holding the sees of Worcester and London simultaneously, became Archbishop of Canterbury in 960, and died in 988, having seen five kings on the throne of England, and assisted at least one of them to leave it. One of the most formidable and unscrupulous characters connected with

¹ History of Winchester, pp. 115, 116, and notes.

the history of Winchester, he was, with all his dark faults, a courageous and powerful statesman—powerful because courageous. Had he lived a few years longer, he might have averted or deferred the ruin of the Anglo-Saxon monarchy; for it is certain he never would have allowed Æthelred the Unready to enter in 991 on the fatal policy of buying off Danish invasions, which ended in the surrender of sixteen counties in 1010.

The last vivid picture which we may present of Anglo-Saxon Winchester shows the straits to which statecraft may be reduced under feeble rulers. Good Bishop Ælfeah, scandalized by the nightly orgies of his liege lord, and trembling for the disasters which such debauchery was bringing on his country, used to steal out of the palace of Wolvesey on winter nights, creep past the sentries, and, plunging into the icy Itchen, stand up to his middle singing penitential psalms till sunrise.

It availed not. The kingdom passed to lords of a sterner race, and Canute, or, as we are taught to write his name now, Cnut, ruled the whole Danish dominions from the ancient Saxon capital. It is said that he returned thither after the famous wave-compelling experiment on the seashore, and, vowing never again to wear an earthly crown, hung it on the cross above the high altar in the cathedral, where it remained till the great cross itself, a marvel of silver work, disappeared in the convulsions of the Reformation. Cnut was a good friend to Winchester, "having decorated," says Roger of Wendover, "the Old Minster with such munificence that the minds of strangers were confounded at the sight of the gold and silver and the splendor of the jewels."

The coming of the Norman Conqueror found Winchester divided against itself, and the two ministers took opposite sides, with very important results on their subsequent fortunes. Queen Emma, having vindicated her character against the charges of immorality in general and complicity in the murder of her son Alfred in particular, by

walking unscathed over nine red-hot ploughshares laid in a row on the pavement of the cathedral, died in 1052 in her own house at the top of the High Street. She was the widow of two kings, Æthelred and Cnut, and the mother of two more, Harthacnut and Edward the Confessor. The benefactions of that clever woman to the Old Minster of St. Swithun had secured the good-will of many of the clergy to her Norman kinsfolk; though Bishop Stigand, the friend of Earl Godwin, remained stoutly English. King Edward, too, though he hated his mother, and avoided Winchester as much as possible during her lifetime, had encouraged the Norman idea consistently, and had hospitably received Duke William, entertaining him in his chief castles. There was, besides, a strong feeling among the clerics of Winchester in favor of the race whose culture, as shown by their literature and architecture, was far ahead of anything hitherto attained in Anglo-Saxon England.

But the New Minster espoused the national cause against the foreigner. Under their stout abbot Ælfwig, uncle of the new King Harold, twelve monks and twenty men-at-arms, well armed, well drilled, and with suitable attendants, marched across the downs to join their king at Hastings. After the decisive battle there, when the victors came to strip the slain, they recognized the monks of the New Minster by their Benedictine dress under the mail—a circumstance by no means overlooked by William of Normandy when, amid the plaudits of the brethren of St. Swithun, he set up his court at "Guincestre." Not only did he cause his new palace to be built within the precincts of the New Minster, but he deprived the monastery of twenty thousand acres of good land.

The next act of the Conqueror, however, put a severe strain on the loyalty of his adherents in the capital. This was the order for a severe inquisition into the extent and value of all lands within the kingdom to be engrossed in the "Rotulus Wintoniae"—the Winchester Roll. "So narrowly was it spied out," whines

the chronicler Ingulph, "as it is shameful to say, though the king thought it no shame to do—that never a hide nor a rood of land escaped mention, nor ox, nor cow, nor swine; all was set down in writing and laid before him." So odious and inconvenient was this proceeding to the commonalty, by reason of the facility it afforded for purposes of taxation, that the register was never referred to under its official title, but men nicknamed it the "Domesday Book."

Brave Stigand was deprived of his bishopric in 1072, and imprisoned in Winchester Castle, where he died. Walkelin, a relative of King William, was appointed in his place, and, seven years later, began to build a new cathedral—for the Normans despised the homely Romanesque of the Saxon architects. In 1086, the great structure being ready for the roof, the bishop besought his royal kinsman to supply him with timber from the forest of Hempage, which then flourished about three miles from Winchester on the Alresford road. The king gave him leave to take as many oaks as his carpenters could cut in four days; whereupon the wily bishop enlisted a whole army of carpenters, who, working day and night, hewed down every oak in the forest. Now King William set great store by his woods, and, riding that way not long after, exclaimed, "Am I bewitched? am I out of my senses? had I not once a most delectable wood here?" When he heard of the trick played on him by the bishop, straightway he fell into a great rage, such as it took all Walkelin's tact and courage to assuage. The original timbers of the oaks so craftily obtained without payment still remain above the stone groining added to the roof at a later day.

In 1093 the new cathedral was finished, being the longest in England, except St. Albans, and the relics of St. Swithun and a host of other saints were stored within it. William of Malmesbury describes how, in the year 1100, some countrymen were seen coming from the west, driving a frail cart

towards the new church; and ever as they went blood dripped from it by the way, for it held the body of the slaughtered king of England. Him the monks huddled into the earth below Walkelin's great tower, with much shame and little sorrow, for William Rufus had died unshriven of his violence, profanity, and sensuality. The horror of him was so great that nobody greatly marvelled when, seven years later, the tower fell in with a crash upon the tyrant's tomb. The beautiful grey tower—the same that gives Winchester at this day its crown of glory—was built immediately, with greatly strengthened piers, of which the foundations are no longer endangered by the ashes of the Red King. One of the earliest things to catch the eye of one visiting the cathedral for the first time is a row of large painted chests, set on the top of the screen built round the presbytery in the sixteenth century. These contain the bones of many kings, queens, saints, and distinguished persons. In one of them repose in strange companionship the remains of Cnut and his Queen Emma, of William Rufus and the Bishops Wina and Alwin. So the inscription on one side of the chest informs us; on the other side is the explanation of such a curious arrangement—namely, that "sacrilegious barbarism" having mingled the dust of princes and prelates in the year 1642, all that could be collected was put promiscuously into a common repository.

The hand of the Norman government had lain heavily from the first on the monks of the New Minster, because of the part they played at the battle of Hastings. Indeed, what between the millers in the Soke and the king's engineers making moats for the castle, they had been nearly drowned out of their quarters, and, as mentioned above, they sought out a fresh site for their monastery in 1110. William Giffard was then bishop, and, as it behoved any one who held that office in the royal capital, was a discreet courtier. But the necessities of Henry I. were frequent and exorbitant; to keep pace with his exactions, Bishop William had to tax his episcopal

tenants so sorely that at last even the docile monks of the Old Minster rebelled. For years they continued on the worst of terms with their spiritual head; but in 1124, the king having exerted himself to bring it about, a reconciliation was effected in a scene worthy of the brush of Mr. Calderon. The bishop sat enthroned in the chapter-house; two by two the monks, stripped to the waist as if for flagellation, filed before him and besought his forgiveness.

Bishop Giffard came to find his court duties irksome with increasing years, so he turned monk in 1128, and was succeeded in the see by Henry of Blois, brother of Stephen of Boulogne, who was afterwards king of England. An astute, worldly prelate, he headed the party of Stephen against that of Empress Maud, and in the civil war which ensued most of Winchester, including twenty-two churches, was reduced to ashes. The luckless monks of the New Minster, having again espoused the losing side, had their new monastery of Hyde burnt about their ears, and their great cross, the gift of Cnut, was melted to a shapeless alloy of gold and silver. But Henry of Blois befriended the Old Minster. A great collector of works of art, he laid up vast treasure in the cathedral, and richly enshined there the relics of many saints. But all these are scattered now, save the great font of black stone, carved with figures illustrating the miracles of St. Nicholas, still to be seen in the nave, and a gold ring set with a sapphire, found when his tomb was opened not many years ago. A nobler and more enduring monument he founded—the Hospital of St. Cross—over the meadows to the south of the town, where to this day the brethren refuse to no wayfarer a dole of bread and a draught of ale.

With the death of Henry I. in 1135 the sun of Winchester turned towards setting. Hitherto it had remained the practical capital of the realm, the favorite abode of the court, the repository of the public records, the chief

seat of justice and learning. Also it could boast of the chief State prison, and no less than eight *carnifaces* or executioners—a large percentage in a town of some ten thousand or twelve thousand inhabitants. Yet these officials never enjoyed a sinecure; and the bishop had his separate prison also, with its appropriate staff. In spite of this there came a time when no free Wintonian could be found to do an act of bloody justice. Winchester was ever faithful to her kings, no matter how bad they might be; so it came to pass that her citizens warmly supported the cause of Edward II., even through the evil days of his imprisonment and death. Queen Isabella and Mortimer, therefore, resolved to strike terror into their hearts. Edmund of Woodstock, Earl of Kent, the king's own uncle, lay a prisoner in Winchester castle; him they condemned to death. Early one morning he was lead upon the scaffold outside his prison, but not one of the eight executioners could be induced to raise a hand against the person so deeply beloved. All day the earl stood there waiting till some one should release him from his misery, till at last, in the evening (*ad horam respertinam*), they found a wretch in the Marshalsea who, to save his own neck, struck off the head of the condemned man.

But this is anticipating. In the meanwhile Winchester, though still a royal residence, fell steadily behind in the struggle for supremacy with the Merrian capital. In importance, she had to own herself surpassed by London, but in precedence of dignity, not just yet. As late as 1269 her citizens vindicated that, though in rather an ambiguous way. Henry III. was to wear his crown at a state banquet in Westminster; the men of Winchester claimed their ancient office as cupbearers, which the men of London disputed. The easy-going king, to avoid worry, decided to dispense with the ceremony of cup-bearing altogether, on which the Londoners withdrew in dudgeon, leaving the Wintonians to enjoy their dinner.

But that was the last spark. A few years later and the position to which Winchester had receded was accentuated by an ignoble squabble for the second place. When David, the brother of Llewellyn of Wales, was executed at Shrewsbury in 1283, his head and quarters were assigned for exposure in the principal towns of the realm. To London, as matter of course, went the head, but the portion of next highest honor was the right upper quarter. For this there was sharp competition between Winchester and York. Edward I. decided the question in favor of the southern town, whither accordingly the grisly token was conveyed.

It was hard on the old town to yield her pre-eminence, even though her double allegiance to crown and mitre had sometimes brought the burgesses into dilemma. For example, in 1243, when Henry III. was quarrelling with Bishop Raley, he ordered the mayor to shut the town gates in his face. The mayor obeyed, and afterwards was heavily fined by the angry prelate for resistance to his spiritual lord. Winchester long continued the favorite residence of the court. The greatest of the Plantagenets had set out thence on his crusade in 1270, and revisited it immediately on his return in 1276, and was constantly there until the year before his death. In February of that year, 1306, he was hunting at Itchen Stoke, a few miles up the river. His mind was well at ease, for the dream of his ambition—the unification of Great Britain under one crown—had been satisfactorily accomplished. John Balliol was giving no trouble; Wallace had been disposed of the previous summer; Edward himself had just held a council in Westminster and assigned their posts to the various Scottish magnates, including Robert de Brus, all duly and doubly sworn to fealty; the old king was well entitled to take his pleasure in the chase. But messengers brought startling news to him at Itchen Stoke. Robert de Brus had slain John Comyn in the church of Dumfries, and Scotland was arming. From that moment Edward never knew another hour

of tranquillity. He never saw his beloved Hampshire valley again.

In the thirteenth century pilgrims flocked in such hordes to St. Swithun's shrine that Bishop Lucy, to protect the regular worshippers in the cathedral from annoyance and even contagion, from the malodorous throng, enlarged the church by an addition, with a separate entrance from the north transept, and closed on the south side by the fine gates of wrought iron, supposed to be the oldest specimens of that craft in England. Against William de Wykeham, the greatest of Winchester's prelates, who shall breathe a word of disparagement? Had he done no more than found and endow St. Mary's College of Winchester, he had earned the blessing of us all, for on that model have been moulded all our other great public schools. William surely has proved not the least among the prophets, else what inspired him to choose the simple motto—*Manners maketh Man*—as if he had foreseen how the gentle ordeal of the public school was to prove the hall-mark of courtliness, even in days when rapid money-making raises many above their birth-level. Yet is one sorely tempted to irritation because of the disastrous activity of this excellent man. Would that in his ardor for designing new buildings he had been content to leave the old ones alone! Then had Winchester cathedral remained in the south what Kirkwall is in the far north—a magnificent and perfect example of Norman architecture at its best. But William of Wykeham had begun his career as chief commissioner of works to Edward III., and, being an ambitious ædile, must needs cut and slash at the Old Minster, obliterating Walkelin's noble triforium, and ripping out the round-headed clerestory windows to make way for broad, shallow lights in the modish perpendicular style. It is true that Bishop Edington had begun the mischief; for he had pulled down the massive west front, and left ample funds which he directed his successor to apply to "perfecting the nave." But the heartless transformation is indelibly associated with the

name of Wykeham, and it is ours to deplore the thoroughness with which he carried it out. Luckily the transepts remain undeformed, with their fine ashlar-work and massive piers, although those supporting the central tower have been cut away to an alarming extent.

It is cold comfort to read Dr. Kitchin's opinion that "the result is that the nave is the finest, and perhaps the most simple, specimen of perpendicular work extant." The perpendicular style, of all the phases through which Gothic building passed in its decline, is the most monotonous, and, so Mr. Ruskin has declared, the most vicious. It is unknown except in England, or as copied from England; for Scottish architects, save in the instance of Melrose, followed the French flamboyant design, and the effect of these great stone gratings thrust in the place of the grave, round-headed Norman arches, must have been excruciating when they were new and glaring white. Now we suffer them gladly, in their silvery, time-worn tones, and even Edington's paltry west front, viewed down the paved avenue of lofty limes, looms solemn and grand. But still we sigh for the craze for novelty that altered the older and nobler design.

Sadly as the Old Minster was marred by Wykeham, it was to suffer far worse things under Bishop Horne in the sixteenth century. Not that he meddled with the architecture; he was not going to spend more than would keep the fabric water-tight; indeed to avoid the expense of repairs he barbarously pulled down the fine Norman cloister and chapter-house. But the day of doom had come for images and reliques and all pleasant pictures. What was not of costly material was burnt, and what was precious (and there was very much of that) was turned to money. Even the great silvern cross over the high altar, perhaps with Cnut's crown still on it, was torn down, and to this day you may see the space it once covered, bare and cold amid the rich tracery and carving of the reredos.

Perhaps on no town in the realm was

a greater outward change effected by the suppression of the monasteries in 1547 than on Winchester, because no other town could show such a large proportion of ecclesiastics in her population. The priory of St. Swithun, perhaps the most ancient in England, the Abbey of Hyde, the houses of the Grey Friars and Black Friars within the walls, and those of the White Friars and Augustinians outside them in the Soke, all were swept away, together with St. Mary's Abbey of Benedictine nuns. And the spoliation went on briskly after Henry VIII. had gone to rest, for Winchester was still far the richest see in England. Innumerable mortuary chapels in the cathedral and other churches in the town¹ were disendowed, and their revenues either appropriated to the crown or bestowed on laymen. But Winchester was loyal first and Catholic afterwards; she remained faithful to the hand that smote her so sorely, and her people thought that their reward had come when in their cathedral Queen Mary was wedded, with splendid pageant, to Phillip of Spain. The days of Winchester's glory surely would return with the old religion. They even went so far as to burn a single poor heretic, one Bembridge, as became the citizens of a courtly town, just to show Philip that he had not come to a barbarous, unfashionable land. But the restoration went no further, and the only relic remaining of Queen Mary's sombre presence is the carved chair in which she sat at her wedding, still preserved in the Lady Chapel.

Crafty, silly King Jamie proved too much for the Wintonian conception of royalty. Feeling nervous about the plague in London, James had moved his court to Winchester in 1603, and the eleven prisoners implicated in the "Main" and "Bye" conspiracies were brought hither for trial. They were condemned to die—among them the gentle Raleigh—and one by one they were led out for execution in front of

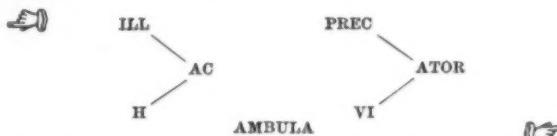
¹ Dr. Milner enumerates ninety-two churches and separate chapels existing in Winchester and its suburbs in the fourteenth century.

Winchester castle. Brooke, as head of the "Bye" plot, actually was decapitated; then on the following days came the Lords Cobham and Grey, Sir Griffin Markham and Sir Walter Raleigh. The king had arranged a scandalous farce. He hoped to extract confession from them under fear of death, and as each one was about to lay his head on the scaffold, the groom of the bed-chamber stopped the proceeding in the name of the king. Raleigh's poem, the "Pilgrimage," was written at Winchester on this occasion, when he was preparing for what he believed to be certain death. It is as remarkable for the beauty of the first stanza as for the mediocrity of the other two:—

Give me my scallop-shell of quiet,
My staff of faith to walk upon,
My scrip of joy, immortal diet,
My bottle of salvation.
My gown of glory (hope's true gage!)
And thus I'll take my pilgrimage.

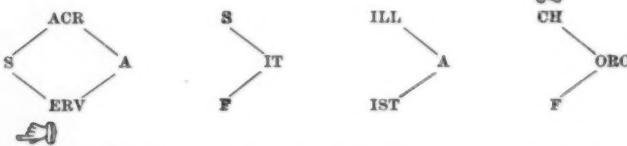
The shabby transparency of the stratagem was a rude shock to the reverence of Winchester towards royalty, nor had she in later years much opportunity of reviving it.

In 1632 Bishop Curle resolved to put a stop to the custom which had established a thoroughfare through the cathedral between the northern and southern parts of the town. But he did so in a scholarly and dignified fashion, not without some antique pedantry. Instead of putting up a rude notice, "No thoroughfare: trespassers will be prosecuted," he caused the huge buttress on the south side of the church to be perforated by a footway giving access through the close from one part of the town to the other, and two curious Latin inscriptions to be carved near its entrance. And, as if Latin should not be puzzling enough to the towns-people, he cast the inscriptions in the form of anagrams, thus:—



—that is, "Worshipper, walk this way; traveller, that;" and again:—

CESSIT COMMUNE PROPRIUM: JAM PURGITE QUA FAS



—that is, "Public right ceases: now go the proper way: let this way be consecrated to the choir; let that one lead to the market."

In 1644, when King Charles's cause in the south was broken at the battle of Cheriton, near Alresford, Waller drove the fugitives right up to the walls of Winchester. Six months later Oliver Cromwell battered the town and took it, and his troopers wrought irreparable havoc among the archives and other manuscripts in the cathedral library. Four years later, in 1648, the city magnates assembled to receive

their king, when, on his melancholy journey from Hurst castle to Windsor, he arrived, as a prisoner, to spend the night in the old town. The neighboring squires, too, rode in from the country, and the people assembled in crowds, but the officer commanding the escort sternly repressed the warm expressions of loyal welcome they were burning to make.

The sun shone on Winchester once

more at the Restoration, and its forfeited bishopric was restored to it, for Charles II. was often there, and his sinister brother, the Duke of York, to boot. Livelier company, too, he brought with him, and such as vastly helped to revive the local trade. Men still show the spot in the garden behind the canon's house where unflinching Prebendary Ken spoke his mind about Nell Gwynne. Charles loved the quiet town well, with its grey buildings and green alleys, and gave command to Sir Christopher Wren to build him a fine palace, after the fashion of Versailles. But he never lived to see it finished, the works were stopped at his death in 1685, and there stands to this day the "King's House"—monument of the last act of royal favor to Winchester.

Two years before the king's death, in December, 1683, there passed away in Dr. Hawkins's house at Winchester the gentle spirit of one who has done far more than many writers of loftier pretensions to throw a charm over the scenes he knew and loved so well. Izaak Walton, Royalist in sympathy, had yet managed to wend a peaceful course through the manifold troubles he had witnessed, and dying, as he wrote in his will, "in the neintyeth year of my age, and in perfect memory, for which praised be God," was laid to rest in the cathedral, where his grave is not the least revered among the company of kings and spiritual rulers housed in that ancient fane.

With Charles II. and Izaak Walton let us bring this rambling survey of the story of Winchester to a close. It were impossible within reasonable limits to do more than touch here and there a salient point in it, to call over more than a handful of the great names which crowd the record, to mention more than a few of the buildings which have resisted time and fire and—most destructive of all—improvement. In this last respect Winchester may not have suffered more in proportion than other ancient towns, but then she had infinitely more to lose than most others. Of her two castles and ninety-two churches,

her bishop's palace, her walls and gates, how comparatively little is left to us! The municipality has been as conspicuously active of late times as they were negligent in the years when their streets afforded a favorite playground for pestilence; when "dyvers Stretes and Lanes of the sayd cyty, by castynge of donge, duste and other filthy thynges, are very filthy and noyfull to all such as shall passe by the same." The black death in the fourteenth century and the plague in 1666 raged with appalling malignity, as is testified to this day by sundry green mounds over the grave-pits on the downs. Indubitably there were heavy arrears in the matter of sanitation, and the town council set about wiping them off with a will. But also they wiped away a great deal that would be reckoned priceless now. Besides the wreck of Hyde Abbey above mentioned, and the loss of King Alfred's gravestone, we have to lament the destruction in 1778 of the hospital of St. Mary Magdalene on Morne Hill, because vagrants used to harbor there. Then the ruins of Norman Wolvesey, where Saxon land-owners used to deliver their annual tale of wolves' heads, were broken up for road-metal, and these hard-hearted reformers spared not even the city gates, of which three out of five were demolished between 1789 and 1791. By good luck two of them escaped—the Westgate, dating from 1266, at the instance of some citizens whose houses had been built against it; and Kingsgate, because it bears over its archway the little church of St. Swithun. One other monument was in even greater peril—the Butter Cross, namely,—a fine example of fifteenth-century work, and a conspicuous ornament of the High Street, adorned with a small statue of St. Laurence. This had actually been sold by the commissioners; but popular feeling was in arms against the removal of such a familiar landmark, and the bargain was cancelled. It is equally difficult to understand the callousness which prevailed a hundred years ago in respect of the preservation of historic

monuments, and to reflect without impatience on the vast number that were needlessly swept away.

Still, heavily as Winchester has been plundered, sorely as war has wasted her buildings, and not less sorely the acts of ambitious prelates and energetic councilmen, much—very much—remains. English holiday-makers, trooping off to Continental towns, find no slum too foul to be ransacked in search of architectural remains. That is very well; but it is also well to bear in mind that there is a great deal to explore at home. Winchester perhaps is less changed internally and in her surroundings from the city that used to be the "morning gift" of the kings of England to their brides, than any other English town in a similar time. No manufactures have sprung up to sully her bright air or soil her brighter stream; even the South-Western Railway approaches her reverently under screen of deep cuttings in the chalk, and passes, scarcely seen, outside her ancient walls.

Standing in the old Roman roadway at the Westgate, and looking down the High Street across the Soke to St. Giles's Hill, one sees few things, except the dress of the citizens, that would have startled the understanding of Philip of Spain's grandes, or Sir William Waller's Ironsides. Some of the shops have sported plate-glass, and nearly all the roofs, alas! are covered with Welsh slate, that provokingly cheap and excellent material which is swiftly ruining so many landscapes by superseding red tiles; but besides these novel features, the old town basks in the summer haze with much the same aspect of leisurely occupation and decorous quiet as it must have worn, but for exceptional episodes, for centuries. The eight executioners provide no spectacle now, so people stroll up to the station to watch the passengers in the London train; the bishop's proclamations are no longer of pressing moment, but there are the evening papers to con over and discuss; and the old military feeling is kept astir, as befits a city built on the lines of a former Roman

camp, by the blare of bugles from the barracks, and the measured tramp of troops passing to the drill-ground.

It has been shown how nearly the old capital of Wessex became that of all England, and how it certainly would have continued the capital if the Anglo-Saxon monarchy had endured. Professor Skeat has indulged in some curious speculations as to one result, at least, which certainly would have followed had Winchester not yielded the first place to London.¹ "English as she is spoke" would have been but a dialect, and the literary language imposed by the capital would have been the speech of Wessex, instead of, as now, that of Mercia with a dash of Northumbrian. John of Trevisa, who wrote good Southern English in 1387, had a poor opinion of Mercian and Northern English.

Also Englishmen [runs one passage, rendered into modern English] though they had from the beginning three manners of speech, Southern, Northern, and Middle speech (in the middle of the land), as they came of three manners of people of Germany—none the less, by commixture, first with Danes and afterward with Normans, in many of them the country language is impaired; and some use strange babbling, chattering, growling, snarling, and gnashing of teeth. . . . All the language of the Northumbrians, and especially at York, is so sharp, slitting, grating, and unshapen, that we Southerners can scarcely understand that language. I believe it is because they are nigh to strangers and aliens that speak strangely, and also because the kings of England always dwell far from that country. For they turn rather towards the south country; and if they go northwards, go with a great army. The reasons why they live more in the south than the north may be, that there is better cornland there, and more people; also nobler cities and more profitable havens.

One effect on our language, had the capital of England been fixed on the southern instead of the northern side of the Thames, would have been that we should have had a much more elaborate system of grammatical inflexions

¹ *Principles of English Etymology*, 1867, p. 29
et seq.

than at present, and instead of boasting of ourselves as "fine fellows who dwell in their island," we should have said "vine yellows that woneth in her island." Chaucer, as a Londoner, had much to do with establishing the Midland or Mercian dialect as literary English; but even his influence has not expunged all the southern forms; thus, though we say "fox" instead of "vox," the female fox is still known as "vixen," not "fixen."

Would you view Winchester aright? go visit it in May or early June. It is a fair city at all seasons, and the wells of Itchen keep its valley green and fresh right through the hottest summer. But it is in the early season, before the uplands are parched, or the wealth of blossom faded from wayside hedge and meadow, that it is fairest. If you bicycle, it is well; the roads generally are admirable, though those who keep them delight in spreading an excruciating coating of sharp flints over the ways across the downs, such as no tire yet devised by man can resist. Almost better to hie to one of those excellent hostelries the Royal or the George (Winchester has never been without its "George" tavern for five hundred years) and hire a hack; for if the down roads are harsh, the turf beside them is free and velvety. Arise early, when the birds are singing in the cathedral gardens and the swifts are wheeling in endless circles round the grey towers, and ride out, before the dew is off, along the Alresford road, between masses of lilac and laburnum tossed over the wayside walls, past Headbourne Worthy, King's Worthy, Martyr's Worthy, Easton, Itchen Abbas, and so to Stoke Charity and Bishop's Sutton. Each of these little villages has its interesting church; St. Martin's of Headbourne Worthy contains some rude work of Edward the Confessor's reign; Martyr's Worthy and Easton have some good Norman details, and so had Itchen Abbas till the hand of the restorer overtook it.

And ever, as you ride, the sweet river will approach and retire from the roadside, reminding you, if you are an

angler, that of all the trout that do swim in English waters, those of Itchen are the most difficult to catch and among the fairest when caught. But you can postpone consideration of these till your return to the old shop behind the Butter Cross, where Gossip Holland will display such delicate duns, such cunning quills, such irresistible iron-blues as may hardly be matched by other tiers, till they never so wisely, and discuss with you the season and sky most suitable for each. But while you are in the saddle let your thoughts wander through the long story of the past, for the name of each hamlet in your way may be found far back in the chronicle of the making of England.

HERBERT MAXWELL.

From The Fortnightly Review.
1497-1897: EAST AND WEST.

It is not without a certain and dramatic fitness that the queen's diamond jubilee is to be celebrated in the summer of 1897; the occasion will coincide with the celebration of two other events of only less immediate interest to the British Empire than the record reign to which that empire is, in no small measure, indebted for many blessings. In 1497 the Atlantic was crossed, for the first time from British shores, by John Cabot; and within a few months of that great accomplishment Vasco da Gama was far on his first voyage to India, round the Cape of Storms, or, as it soon came to be generally called, the Cape of Good Hope. In Bristol, in Canada, and in Portugal, the fourth centenary of these epoch-making expeditions will be commemorated with enthusiasm, but with different emotions. For Portugal, the occasion must be charged with the pathos inherent in the pride of a race whose glory is past; for Great Britain, and that portion of Greater Britain which is on the other side of the At-

Iantic, the anniversaries will be reminiscent of victories won, victories of peace not less than of war, the fruition of which the race has not yet enjoyed in its fulness. We look back upon the empire as it was when Queen Victoria ascended the throne, and we marvel at its progress. But let us go back to Henry VII., and so far as the joint efforts of learning and imagination permit, review in one grand sweep the past and the present of this empire of ours. The essential greatness of the empire of Queen Victoria cannot be properly appreciated if we do not acquaint ourselves more or less intimately with the course of events in the centuries preceding it. In those centuries the seeds of empire were laid, and we see the rapidly growing tree pruned only to sprout with newer and ampler strength. It is a magnificent theme, and to attempt to treat it in a few pages of this review argues a temerity which can only be justified by a resultant inducement to others to enter on a fuller study than is possible here. Seeley's "Expansion of England" has shown the world how fascinating that study may be made, but even Seeley's admirable work does not exhaust the subject. It is, indeed, inexhaustible, and the deeper one goes into it, the more there seems still to learn and the more absorbing it becomes.

The fifteenth century witnessed not merely the renaissance of culture; it witnessed also the renaissance of enterprise and the bursting of the geographical bonds which held more than half the world in mystery and darkness. America and Australia were as unknown as though they were non-existent; and the same may be said of huge parts of Africa and Asia. What the ancients knew of the extent and character of the world, the most patient of students cannot hope to tell with any definiteness, but they probably knew more than we give them credit for. That they were aware of the sphericity of the earth has, I think, been fairly clearly shown in works such as that on the discovery of Aus-

tralia by Mr. George Collingridge.¹ The Phoenicians, more than three thousand years ago, undoubtedly explored seas and coasts of which the *mappamundi* makers, down to the last decade of the fifteenth century, were ignorant. Inquiries into the past of Rhodesia, to which both students and explorers have been moved by the relics and monuments unearthed, bring into prominence the doings of the race of colonizers and traders who have not inaptly been likened by Mr. Rider Haggard to "the English of the ancient world." Mr. A. Wilmot, of the Cape Legislative Council, in his work on Rhodesia,² describes the Phoenicians at some length, and adopts Mr. Rider Haggard's standpoint. "What the great British Empire is to the nineteenth century, Phœnicia was to the distant ages when Solomon's Temple was built at Jerusalem, and Hiram, King of Tyre, sent out expeditions to the distant shores of India, Arabia, and south-eastern Africa." The important question to be settled is, did the Phoenicians cross the Atlantic? They went beyond the Pillars of Hercules, and voyaged north and south, but did they face the terrors of the untraversed seas as far west as the Continent of America? Two views exist. One is that the Phoenicians did permit themselves to be carried by trade winds to the north-east of South America; the other is that the Phoenicians reached the north of South America from the west, that is down the Red Sea and via Ceylon, Java, the Caroline Islands, Samoa, etc. Mr. F. C. Johnston's argument to the latter effect seems to have much to recommend it, and it is not unreasonable to regard Aztec civilization as the product of Phoenician adventure. As the Phoenicians discovered South America, so no doubt the hardy Norseman, in their voyages, made their way to North America from Iceland, but their discoveries, as Dr. Bourinot says,

¹ *The Discovery of Australia*, by George Collingridge, Sydney; Hayes Bros. 1896.

² *Monomatapa (Rhodesia)*, by the Hon. A. Wilmot, M.L.C., Cape of Good Hope, with Preface by H. Rider Haggard. London: T. Fisher Unwin. 1896.

are misty and belong to the domain of legend.¹

Whatever may be the truth with regard to Phoenicians or Norsemen, it is certain that for centuries the Atlantic had not been crossed by man at the time when Europe began to make more active inquiries with regard to India and the far eastern lands, whence came the spices and other commodities, in the commerce of which the Venetians had piled up immense wealth. From the earliest days, the produce of the East was familiar in the great marts of the Mediterranean. Now it came up the Red Sea and across Egypt to Alexandria; now up the Persian Gulf and across Asia Minor; now through Central Asia to the Black Sea and Constantinople. As the fortunes of war attended Roman or Arab, Greek or Venetian, so was the direction commerce took affected. In the fifteenth century the Venetians, as Sir Alfred Lyall has said, appeared to literally "hold the gorgeous East in fee;" Genoa being her most strenuous rival. During the greater part of that century, the Portuguese were on the *qui vive* to seize any opportunity for opening up direct trade relations with India. Prince Henry the navigator, a son, curiously enough, of an English princess, dreamed dreams of reaching India by sea, and handed on his dreams to inspire those who came after him. Whether they were the outcome of the restless spirit of the age, or whether they were chiefly responsible for the generation of that spirit, Prince Henry the Navigator's studies and speculations imparted an impulse to maritime enterprise which had momentous results. The west coast of Africa was explored, and in the year 1484 the king of Benin—then an empire of some importance and pretensions to civilization, not the unmitigatedly barbarous country it now is—visited, or sent envoys to, the court of Portugal. He told Dom Joan so much about India and Prester John, that the Portuguese monarch determined to send

envoys via Venice, Alexandria, and Mecca, to discover India and all about it. Dom Joan did not live to see the realization of his hopes, but his successor, Dom Manoel, earnestly took up the task left unfinished. The end was advanced at a bound by the discovery of the Cape in 1488. Bartholomew Diaz, or Janifante, or both, probably quite by accident, rounded the southern extremity of Africa, and returned with the welcome news to Lisbon. It is not difficult to imagine the excitement it occasioned; and the wonder is that for more than ten years it was not taken advantage of.

Whilst Portugal was preparing for the despatch of the first expedition by sea to India, great things were taking place elsewhere. Columbus, a native of Genoa, had induced the king of Spain to listen to his plan for reaching the Indies by the west, and in 1492 embarked on the voyage which resulted in the discovery of the West Indies—a name significant of the belief that the Indies had been attained. A good many points are in doubt with regard to Columbus; but there are some concerning which little doubt is now possible. Among them is the claim that he was the first European to set foot on the American continent. That claim is inadmissible. In an ingenious article three years ago,² Captain Gambier sought to prove that Jean Cousin, a Frenchman, discovered the Amazon in 1488, and that Columbus only followed in his footsteps and reaped his laurels. Captain Gambier is rather weak in his dates, and knows a great deal more about Cousin than about Columbus. Columbus endeavored for years to find some one of influence and wealth to support him in carrying out his plan for reaching the east by the west. It may be that Cousin was the first to discover the New World; and that the credit due to him has never been given. If his claim is not good, Columbus must still yield pride of place to another. Columbus did not touch the mainland of America till 1497. In May, 1497,

¹ Canada, by J. G. Bourinot, C.M.G., "Story of the Nations Series." T. Fisher Unwin.

² *Fortnightly Review*, Jan., 1894.

John Cabot sailed from Bristol, and in the August following he was back again, having planted the English flag on the shores of the continent which now bears the name of one who was assuredly late in the field—*Amerigo Vespuccius*. Only within the last few years has it been easy to understand who was who in the matter of the first voyages across the Atlantic. History, thanks to the indefatigable labors of Mr. Henry Harrisse, has now done justice to the man to whose enterprise England owes the right to say that her flag first floated over America. It has hitherto been widely accepted as a fact that Sebastian Cabot was the captain of the English ship which first touched the new continent. Even so usually admirable and trustworthy a referee as "Whitaker's Almanac" mentions Sebastian in that connection. Sebastian was the son of John Cabot, and the net result of Mr. Harrisse's splendid work¹—a work which will take weeks to digest, and is invaluable—is to show that the son was an impostor. He took credit for all his father did. Sebastian's reputation will hardly survive the searching analysis to which his character and career are subjected by Mr. Harrisse. John Cabot, like Columbus, was a Genoese—not a Venetian. He became a Venetian subject, just as later he became an English subject. His son Sebastian was probably Venetian born. John came to England full of the ideas animating Venice and Genoa, that the Spice Islands of the East might be reached by a new route. With this end in view, Columbus crossed the Atlantic on behalf of Spain, and Cabot crossed it on behalf of England. Cabot found an incentive in the reports which reached him of the triumphs of Columbus, and the Bristol men were ready to help him. For years they had been sending out expeditions, futile in every sense, "In search of the island of Brazil and the seven cities." On the 5th March, 1496, John Cabot, with his three sons Louis, Sebastian, and Sanctus, filed a petition to

Henry VII. "to graunt your . . . gracious letters patentes under your grete seale in due forme to be made according to the tenour hereafter ensuyng." The letters patent, which were granted on April 5th,² according to Rymer, who is quoted by Mr. Harrisse, set forth that it was the Cabots' desire "Upon their own proper costs and charges to seek out, discover, and find whatsoever isles, countries, regions, or provinces of the heathen and infidels, whatsoever they be, and in what part of the world soever they be, which before this time have been unknown to all Christians." The first expedition—to summarize Mr. Harrisse's exhaustively argued conclusions—consisted of one small vessel with a crew of some eighteen men. Cabot set sail in the middle of May, 1497, steered north and west after leaving Ireland, struck land, according to general opinion, at the easternmost point of Cape Breton, according to Mr. Harrisse at Cape Chudleigh, and returned to England in August to receive from the king the munificent reward of £10, which was given "to hym that founde the new isle." Modern ideas of Cabot's landfall are based chiefly on the charts and assertions of Sebastian, and those who are organizing the celebrations in honor of the Cabots would do well to weigh the circumstantial evidence adduced by Mr. Harrisse. His reasons for locating the landfall in Labrador, and not in Nova Scotia, seem conclusive, and it is at least curious that the cartographical proof he adduces is supported by a legend which says that Labrador was so named because the new country was first signed by a laborer of the Azores.

Whilst Cabot was preparing for the voyage west, Vasco da Gama was making his arrangements for the initial voyage to India. It is matter for regret that the same ample account of the former event has not been handed down to us, as may be found in the works of Barros, Correa, and others of

¹ John and Sebastian Cabot, by Henry Harrisse. London: B. F. Stevens. 1896.

² Mr. Harrisse mentions both March 5th and April 5th, but I take it April 5th, is correct because the petition seems to have been dated March 5th.

the latter. With the aid of Gaspar Correa's "Lendas da India," translated and annotated for the Hakluyt Society nearly thirty years ago, by the present Lord Stanley of Alderley,¹ we are able to follow the movements of Vasco da Gama from the time of his appointment by Dom Manoel to his return from India. Vasco da Gama left Lisbon, after elaborate preparations, on July 8th, in charge of three vessels, Sam Miguel, Sam Gabriel, and Sam Rafael. He was equipped with powers to make peace or war; to be a mere merchant or a warrior, as circumstances rendered necessary; to be an ambassador or to send embassies to kings and rulers, and generally to be and do whatever was essential to safety and success. The ceremony and interest of the start on this momentous expedition, we can believe, were much more impressive than anything witnessed at the embarkation of the Cabots from Bristol a few weeks earlier. Correa assists us to observe king and people praying that the enterprise might prove of service to the Lord and to Portugal; he assists us to see Vasco da Gama on horseback, with his gallantly liveried attendants, riding through admiring crowds down to the wharf, and to hear the boom of big guns—fit exponents of the excitement of that far-off summer day—as the beflagged vessels moved out into the mouth of the Tagus. And then the voyage. The superstitions of the sailors, the hesitation and the reassurances, the almost rebellious desire of the men to turn back, and the masterful confidence and courage of the commander. None but a born leader of men could have carried that voyage to a successful issue. Vasco da Gama persuaded and threatened, used soft words and grand old sea-dog oaths, as he had now to win his followers to his way of thinking, now to dare them to take matters into their own hands. As the expedition slowly moved round the mighty continent which lay be-

tween Portuguese ambition and its fulfilment, even the most enlightened minds aboard must have felt that the enterprise was a temptation to Providence. Unaccustomed storms and unfamiliar seas made the sailors wonder what evil genius had induced them to leave wives and children on so mad an enterprise. They went forward, as the chronicler quaintly puts it, with their souls in their mouths, and before the voyage was half over they began to evince so active a desire to face the anger of the king rather than the further terrors of the unknown ocean that Vasco da Gama had to place many of them in irons. Camoens describes the crew as heroes, but Correa takes the view that they were poltroons. Probably, being human, some were heroes and some cowards. The essential fact is that the leader himself was a hero of the first water, determined, at all costs, to execute the high commission entrusted to him by his sovereign.

Had Vasco da Gama failed to reach India or to return to Portugal, the opening up of this route to the East would have been indefinitely postponed; how easily failure might have been his portion, Correa's minute narrative of events after the Cape was rounded makes quite clear. Da Gama arrived at Mozambique in March, 1498, and had an interview with the sheik. He said he wanted to find his way to India for purposes of trade, and when the sheik understood that the Portuguese were specially anxious to obtain a supply of spices he laughed and promised to provide a pilot who would help them to fill their ships. A little later the sheik appears to have changed his mind, and Vasco da Gama and his enterprise were saved from the sheik's treachery by the loyalty of the Moor who played the part of go-between. The high-mettled Vasco must have longed to read the sheik a lesson, but as it was of supreme importance that he and his companions should not be heralded as pirates throughout the Indian seas, he ignored the treachery and dissembled. The Moor, whose timely

¹ "Three Voyages of Vasco de Gama," from the "Lendas da India" of Gaspar Correa, translated from the Portuguese by the Hon. H. E. J. Stanley. Printed for the Hakluyt Society, 1869.

warning saved him, in due time followed the sheik's example and also resorted to treachery. But the Portuguese enjoyed miraculous escapes. Arrived at Melinde a soothsayer proved their friend. He predicted that they were destined to be the future lords of India, and that peace with them forever was in consequence to be desired by the king of Melinde. Vasco da Gama responded with antique courtesy to the king's overtures, and presented him with a sword as a sign and symbol of the friendship and brotherhood of Dom Manoel. Unfortunately for themselves the Portuguese were better at promises than in performance. Leaving Melinde, Vasco da Gama proceeded across the Indian Ocean—he was, of course, now in seas frequented by the Moors—and in three weeks arrived off either Calicut or Cananor. India at last! The sense of triumphant joy at da Gama's heart, as he gazed upon the land, is expressed by Camoens (translated by Mickle) in these forceful words—

Gama's great soul confess the rushing swell,
Prone on his manly knees the hero fell;
Oh bounteous heaven, he cries, and spreads his hands
To bounteous heaven, while boundless joy commands
No further word to flow.

Da Gama was received in India with very mixed feelings. The natives are said to have regarded his coming without surprise and as the fulfilment of a prophecy made by certain wise men among them. According to this prediction "the whole of India would be taken and ruled over by a very distant king, who had white people." The soothsayers assured the king that the Portuguese were the representatives of the nation which would in future control the fortunes of India. Apparently the natives did not share that view. Had not people come from China and the Far East, they asked, hundreds of years before in great numbers, and failed to overrun India, or even to maintain communications? Was it likely that a few, who had, moreover,

sailed so far, would be able to do what so many had failed to accomplish. The soothsayers' arguments prevailed, and the new-comers were welcomed in the belief that to resist them would be useless.

Vasco da Gama did not display undue precipitancy in establishing relations with the natives. He was anxious to know with whom he had to deal. He went very cautiously to work and was careful to let it be known that his ships only formed part of a larger fleet, from which they were separated in a storm. With what histrionic art he must have swept the horizon for sight of that phantom fleet! Soothsayers and fibs were not, however, the only forces on which Vasco da Gama relied. He and his companions refuted the slanders, which represented them as pirates, by paying for everything they needed and making presents to would-be vendors with whom they did no business. Such generosity roused the cupidity and admiration of the natives, and assured them that peace and trade were the objects kept in view by the Portuguese. With the natives, therefore, the Portuguese were soon on good terms, but the natives had not alone to be reckoned with. The traders of the Malabar coast, who had from time immemorial enjoyed a monopoly as intermediaries between the Eastern producer and the Western merchant, were the Moors. Calicut had developed into a first-rate commercial city in their hands. Its inhabitants were among, if they were not actually, the richest in India. "There were," says Correa, "Moors of Grand Cairo, who brought large fleets of many ships, with much trade of valuable goods, which they brought from Mecca, and they took back in return pepper and drugs, and all the other richest merchandise in India, with which they acquired great wealth." For these people, the appearance of the Portuguese in the very heart of their preserves was a serious matter. They foresaw that their monopoly would be challenged, and they spared no effort to rouse native fears that the Portuguese, who came in the

guise of men of commerce, were spies and forerunners of conquerors, who would claim India for their own. By means of bribes to state functionaries—"it is notorious that officers take more pleasure in bribes than in the appointment of their offices"—the Moors laid the foundation of much future trouble for the Portuguese. But the first tiny stream had trickled over the dam which shut the West off from the East. The flow was destined to increase apace until in the centuries to come, India was surmerged by the enterprise, the commerce, and the arms of Europe. Vasco da Gama made other voyages; the Portuguese enjoyed a century's monopoly of business in the Eastern seas; then the Dutch, and the English, and the French began to follow in their footsteps, and the magnificent struggle for world-empire, for which the defeat of the Spanish Armada in 1588, made England a fully qualified candidate, was inaugurated in grim earnest, though half unconsciously.

The Portuguese arrived in India at what, in Bismarckian phrase, we may call the psychological moment. At the end of the fifteenth century the Turks were strengthening their empire with appalling rapidity, and by 1520 Solyman was on the throne ready to carry the crescent far and wide in Europe and Asia. "It was at this epoch of advancing Muhammadanism," says Mr. H. Morse Stephens,¹ "that the Portuguese struck a great blow at Moslem influence in Asia, which tended to check its progress in Europe." That was, as Mr. Stephens says, "a great service to the cause of humanity." It was a service rendered at the end of the fifteenth and the beginning of the sixteenth century, which we, at the end of the nineteenth, with its shameful record of the degenerate Turk's atrocities, can appreciate. Sir Alfred Lyall, in his brilliant little work on the rise of British Dominion in India,² hardly

seems to grasp the full significance of Portuguese enterprise when he says, "It may be thought fortunate that even Solyman the magnificent, in the height of his glory, failed in his efforts to expel the Portuguese from the Indian Ocean; for his success might have been disastrous to Eastern Christendom." If Solyman, with all-powerful fleets in the Red Sea, the Persian Gulf, and the Mediterranean could have kept the Indian trade to its ancient courses, "the wealth that he might have secured must have added prodigiously to the force of his arms by sea and land." His failure is the more striking because Venice, as Sir Alfred reminds us, so clearly foresaw that "the diversion of trade to the ocean route would be her death-blow, that she vigorously, though in vain, supported the Turkish sultan." Portugal improved her position apace. Her flag was planted over innumerable places on the shores of Africa and Asia, and she prosecuted a triple mission of conquest, of commerce, and of Christianity. The pope, in 1494, divided the non-Christian world between Portugal and Spain, and the one grew fat on the commerce of the East, whilst the coffers of the other overflowed with the gold from the West. Spain sought to enjoy a monopoly of El Dorado, and the Portuguese to keep the silks and spices of the East Indies to themselves. But, just as the Portuguese had broken up the monopoly of the Moors at the beginning of the sixteenth century, so their own monopoly was dissipated by the Dutch at the beginning of the seventeenth.

In the West Indies and Guiana, we may look for the cradle of British seapower and empire. The discoveries of the Cabots, after a second or third voyage—it is impossible to say which—were not followed up by the English people, and North America was, in the next hundred years, chiefly explored by the French. Nevertheless England was wide awake during the sixteenth century. She was busy, with the aid of her buccaneers, "singeing the Spaniard's beard," in the West Indies, and attempting to find a north-east

¹ Albuquerque, by H. Morse Stephens. "Rulers of India Series." Clarendon Press, Oxford. 1892.

² The Rise of British Dominion in India, by Sir Alfred Lyall, K.C.B., D.C.L. London: John Murray. 1893.

passage to Cathay. The Willoughbys and Chancellors of the sixteenth century were the Captain Wigginses of the nineteenth. England's successful daring on the seas drove the Spaniard wild with irritation and apprehension, and induced Philip to organize the Armada which was to have crushed England out of existence, but involved instead the irrevocable loss of power and prestige to Spain. Nor did Spain effect her own discomfiture only. Portugal was united to her in 1580, and the reverses Spain suffered at the hands of both Dutch and English undermined and diminished the Empire of the Portuguese in the East. England began the seventeenth century by enlarging the scope of her ambition. Raleigh with imagination fired by the stories of El Dorado, went on voyages of discovery which brought him no reward, but which our own day has shown were not wholly devoid of reason. "It has been left to the present century to prove that gold mines exist on the site of the fabled El Dorado; for it is there that the well-known caratal diggings are situated," says Mr. James Rodway,¹ than whom none is a better authority. Raleigh did not find El Dorado, but he established a claim to be considered the father of English colonization by taking possession of Virginia in the name of the virgin queen.

Soon after the shattering of the Spanish Armada, the English turned their attention to the possibilities of direct trade with the East by the Cape Route. Queen Elizabeth, on the last day of the sixteenth century, granted the charter of the first East India Company. With the seventeenth century we enter on the romance of commerce embodied in the chartered companies; the struggle for world supremacy is henceforth carried on not by semi-piratical patriots of the Drake order, but by merchant adventurers, who formed themselves into licensed corporations. How valiantly the representatives of the French, Dutch, and English companies

in India in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries fought and intrigued for mastery? Of course, these combats by commercial pioneers were supplemented by the decisive national conflicts in which England so amazingly improved her position. France lost Canada, and her chance of an Indian empire was destroyed forever by the genius of a discontented clerk.² She retaliated by aiding the revolted American colonies to assert their independence. In all directions during two centuries chartered companies led the way, and the empire as we see it to-day, with the exception of Australia, is the result in the main of trade enterprise, gallantly upheld in the final resort by the imperial army and navy. Nelson and Wellington in the beginning of the nineteenth century, confirmed the supremacy to which the way was paved by Drake and Blake, Clive and Wolfe, aided by a myriad host of heroes whose names survive only in such invaluable records as the letters of the East India Company, a first volume of which Mr. Frederick C. Danvers published a few months ago.³ What strikes one as most remarkable in the survey of four centuries is the manner in which the Anglo-Saxon race either superseded others or secured that for which others risked so much. Whilst Canada was taken from the French, the Cape of Good Hope, where the Dutch established a station first in 1652, was sold to Great Britain after she had occupied it for some years; in the West Indies French and Spanish and Dutch all yielded us up something; in the East Indies, third-comers as we were, we carried to a triumphant issue the policy which others mapped out. Even Aus-

¹ In the recent Dupleix celebrations, it was generally agreed that Dupleix was the first to conceive the idea of establishing an empire in India governed from Europe. The credit for that farsighted notion surely belonged to Albuquerque, who, Mr. Stephens says, was the first since Alexander the Great to dream of European dominion in Asia.

² Letters received by the East India Company from its Servants in the East, vol. i., 1602-1613. With an Introduction by F. C. Danvers. London: Sampson, Low & Co., 1896.

¹ The West Indies and the Spanish Main, by James Rodway, F. L. S. "The Story of the Nation Series." London: T. Fisher Urwin. 1896.

tralia is ours by a piece of sheer good fortune. The mystery of the discovery of the island continent yet remains to be cleared up. On the strength of evidence contained on a wooden globe in the Paris National Library, it has been held that the discovery occurred in 1499, but Mr. Collingridge, in the work to which allusion has already been made—a critical examination of cartographical evidence and a weighing of pros and cons, almost as wonderful as Mr. Harris's "John and Sebastian Cabot"—points out that verification is needed. At the same time, Australia was known to be in existence—Marco Polo seems to have been aware of the fact in the thirteenth century—and in 1595 a Spanish expedition was sent out under Mendana to found a colony on the Australian continent! Mendana missed Australia altogether, and it was not till near the middle of the seventeenth century that the Dutch beyond all doubt explored the shores of Australia, or New Holland, as it was at first called. In the very hour when the English were taking possession of Botany Bay, a French fleet appeared on the horizon!

The philosophy and practice of modern colonization and empire are exhaustively illustrated in the history of the four hundred years at which we have glanced. In 1497 European knowledge of colonization was confined to the Mediterranean, and in the main to its north-eastern shores. The sixteenth century was three parts complete when England began to think of founding a colony in the New World; in the East trade and not empire, until circumstances forced it upon them, was the sole aim of the English. We have in the intervening centuries seen several powers spend their treasure and their blood in the attempt to secure an empire beyond the seas. Spain and Portugal and Holland administer to-day mere remnants of their once extensive possessions; France is mistress of wide stretches of territory in the East, only because she is prepared, at any sacrifice, to found, if possible, the empire which in the last century seemed so nearly hers. Other powers failed where

we have triumphed. The explanation is simple. They never learned the secret of colonization on the one hand, or secured sea-power, the indispensable condition of empire, on the other. Possessions which are colonized by officials are not colonies; and colonies which are bled by the mother country are certain, sooner or later, to seek relief in independence. England learnt her first lesson in 1776. Her pre-eminence at sea alone saved her from eclipse, and enabled her to survive the loss of dominion and of prestige. She learnt another in 1857. The American Rebellion and the Indian Mutiny were in their way imperial blessings. They showed us the things we must not do if we would retain the loyalty of our colonies and dependencies. Greater Britain and British India are a success to-day because the imperial authorities have grasped the vital truth, in the bitter school of experience, that colonies and dependencies must be administered in their own as much as in the mother country's interests. If men of other countries seem incapable of colonization, save under the British flag, are not their prosperity and contentment, when they take up their abode in a British possession, to be explained by the watch-word of progress—freedom? If Spain realized that truth there would be no Cuban rebellion to-day, and if France appreciated it, her new empire beyond the seas would stand a stronger chance of permanency and profitable development. With all her sea-power, England could not retain her American colonies, and it is because she now unites sea-power for herself with freedom and unchallengeable justice for her dependencies, that all good patriots look to the time when the empire, whose beginnings may be traced to 1497, shall federate for its own sake and for the sake of civilization. An imperial conference is to be summoned in the present year, and from all corners of the empire the celebration of the queen's reign will bring proof of loyalty and devotion. Mr. Chamberlain has set himself, with patriotic but none the less businesslike enthusiasm, the

splendid task of making the festivities of June next a magnificent object lesson in the essential unity of the British race. No fitter time could be found in which statesmanship and patriotism might combine to take a step towards the great goal of Imperial Federation. The past justifies big aspirations for the future; our heritage is one which we should not only strive to preserve, but to improve upon. Let that be the moral of our reflections on 1497-1897 and all that the interval teaches and implies.

EDWARD SALMON.

From The London Quarterly Review.
HENRI ROCHEFORT'S ADVENTURES.¹

If it be true that "modern history tends neither to tragedy nor to comedy, but to sensational melodrama," M. Rochefort's life, as here presented, may be taken as a typical epitome of one part of modern history. It has not been without its touches of true tragedy, and comedy in all its shapes is found in it, but melodrama *in excelsis* is the most complete and accurate description of this chequered and astonishing career. The story loses nothing in the telling, but, after all deductions on the score of personal bias and of literary exigency, it will take its place among the most amazing and romantic stories of the time. A restless, turbulent, ungovernable spirit, born, as he himself says, with the "instinct of revolution," M. Rochefort has been, throughout his public life, a political Ishmael. "Out with you, but not that I may take your place!" has always been his maxim towards all constituted authorities, and, not unnaturally, those authorities have not relished his disinterested attentions. His hand, in politics, has been against every man and every man and every government he has assailed has of necessity been against him.

¹ *The Adventures of My Life.* By Henri Rochefort. Arranged for English readers by the author and Ernest W. Smith. 2 vols. London: Edward Arnold. 1896.

At one time or another [he says] I have experienced nearly every imaginable sensation. For more than a quarter of a century I have been like a man on a switchback railway, continually plunged from the highest summits into the darkest depths. . . . I have tasted every joy and chewed the cud of every bitterness. . . . As journalist, deputy, and outlaw, I have moved in all classes of society. . . . I have been shaken by events, and played a rôle in nearly every catastrophe.

He does not tell us that he has attacked his enemies with every poisoned weapon in his armory—every poisoned weapon to be found in any fiend's armory—pursuing them with hatred that has never scrupled to insult the living and revile the dead, and that in the midst of all the virulence and violence of his political career he never once was visited by even a momentary qualm of conscience or remorse. But this, and much more in the way of ostentatious irreligion and malicious wit, of barbarous delight in raking up old scandals and parading new ones—rarely and faintly relieved, here and yonder, by a gleam of kindly feeling towards the helpless and oppressed—is only too apparent in the pages of this purely pagan book. The only way to read it with composure is to skip the scandal heaped around the name of Marie Antoinette, of Josephine, of Napoleon III., of the Empress Eugenie, of Gambetta, and, by a shameless piece of candor, that of the writer himself; to shut one's eyes to "the extreme examples" which abound in it of "the application of the imagination to contemporary history;" to believe implicitly in M. Rochefort and to yield one's self to the stream of his pell-mell and vivacious narrative. If at the close we find it difficult, in spite of all his biting wit and ruthless savagery, to understand how such a man, a man of noble ancestry and not without the cultured tastes of the *noblesse*, should choose and glory in a life of hardship and of exile, from motives inconsistent with the honesty and the integrity for which he would seem to plead, it will not be from any failure in his self-assurance, which is

consummate, or in the unflagging spirit by which, to the end, his pretences are sustained.

Born in 1831, Henri Rochefort was just of the right age to be carried away by the exciting events of 1848 and 1851. His grandfather, the Marquis de Rochefort de Lucy, a distant descendant, it is said, of an offshoot of a sovereign house, the original Counts of Champagne, had lost his title at the French Revolution, together with his immense estates, valued at ten million francs, in the Berri, not far from George Sand's literary home at Nohant. His father, plain M. Rochefort, was penniless, and, but for his scanty earnings as a dramatist, the family would have been brought up in the direst penury. Henri was a youth at the College of St. Louis, in the Rue de la Harpe, when Louis Philippe escaped from Paris, and he made his débüt in politics by scaling the college walls with some companions and joining the Revolutionists. "Shut up!" they cried to the astonished Latin professor, when he began his lecture, "they are murdering our brothers;" and off they started helter-skelter through the streets.

Aunt Guérin appeared at a window overlooking the *quais* and was stupefied to see her nephew, looking like a brigand, with his hair blown out in the wind, hurrying through the streets of Paris at the head of an armed troop to attack the palace of the kings. I heard her call the children and scream, "It's Henri!" I looked up, waved my hand, and continued my triumphal way.

On leaving college, Rochefort had to earn a livelihood and to help his family to live. From the first he felt that he was born to be a writer, but it was not until after he had exhausted other means of living that he trusted to his pen. Several years were spent as tutor and as clerk in the Hotel de Ville, before he found his métier as a writer of lampoons. He had written one-act plays and poems and had acted as dramatic critic in his room in the Rue Saint Victor—a garret into which "the

light came from above, like a bad example." At the age of twenty-two he was admitted, as a penny-a-liner, on the staff of the *Charivari*, "the writer to pay for every line beyond the first hundred." On this, and on another forgotten journal, he acquired "the art of saying something while appearing to say nothing," as in one of his first onslaughts on Napoleon III. "We have bad news of the emperor to-day. He is better." For several years he worked for Villemessant, the founder of the *Figaro*, and distinguished himself by the wit and virulence of his attacks upon the emperor. "You don't want to become an academician, do you?" said Villemessant, on engaging him. "Oh, no!" "Well, then, go ahead! Don't be afraid of letting your pen follow your caprices. Hurl jokes at everybody and make everybody laugh." The free hand thus given him had a good deal to answer for. By the time the fourth number was published he had two duels on hand, which led his colleagues to declare that he was in luck's way. In 1867 he wrote the famous article on the emperor's exploits as a sportsman, in which he said that when the emperor went shooting there was always a rabbit which "pretended to fall dead." This *coup de lapin* might have cost the paper dear.

Pietri commanded Villemessant to appear again at the Prefectorial Bureau. It was there pointed out to him how insulting it was to the majesty of the throne to allege that the three hundred and fifty rabbits composing the bag were one and the same rabbit, which had contented itself with shamming dead, and had disappeared behind the scenes to come forward again like the supernumeraries in a military spectacle on the stage.

The *Figaro* was not suppressed, but Rochefort was required, as the alternative, to quit the staff.

His next move was to start the *Lanterne*, the little red-backed weekly pamphlet with a lantern on the cover, and—a rope. This brought him worldwide notoriety, and is still called up by every mention of his name. It was a

veritable tomahawk to the emperor, and a torpedo to the empire. In the earlier numbers, sold by hundreds of thousands, Rochefort set himself to prove the emperor's illegitimacy, and ridicule his title and his claims. He complained that he had been misunderstood. In reality, he had always been profoundly Bonapartist; only, he had claimed the right to choose his own pet hero in the dynasty. He had chosen one that was apocryphal. "As a Bonapartist, I prefer Napoleon II. In my mind he represents the ideal of a sovereign. No one will deny that he has occupied the throne, because his successor calls himself Napoleon III." The emperor was a Dutchman, and no Corsican at all.

Any weapon was good enough for me to use to sap the respect with which they affected to surround that official dummy called "the person of the sovereign." Ah! that unfortunate sovereign. I twisted and wrung it like an old towel. I wrote the following, for example: "The State has commanded M. Barye to execute an equestrian statue of Napoleon III. Everybody knows that M. Barye is one of our most celebrated sculptors of animals."

The eleventh number of this venomous publication contained a veiled incitement (so it was interpreted) to assassinate the emperor. The paper was seized, and Rochefort, to evade arrest, escaped to Brussels, where he soon became the guest of Victor Hugo, who encouraged him to prosecute his paper warfare with unceasing virulence.

The glimpses Rochefort gives of Hugo's home-life are most interesting. In the poet's dining-room there stood a great armchair which no one was allowed to occupy. Between its arms the dead are supposed to take their seat and listen to the conversation. The poet's bedroom was his study. It was an attic, through the roof of which the sky was visible and the rain came down. Rochefort had the privilege of entrance to this sanctum.

I used to open the small door of the tiny room with all sorts of precautions, for fear of treading on the wet pages of manuscript

that, not daring to put one upon the other, he used to spread out on his bed, on the mantelpiece, and on the floor. In consequence, to take my place, I had to execute a sort of egg dance. As proof of the rapidity with which he worked, the bluish paper of medium size on which he wrote scarcely ever had time to dry before he started on a fresh sheet. It is true he used to spread out his lines to such an extent that each page only contained a dozen at the outside. One morning I asked him rather indiscreetly: "When you have finished one of these pages, what have you earned?" "About a hundred francs," he answered.

Hugo was as regular in his habits as John Wesley. "Every evening, however absorbing the conversation, or whatever the number of visitors, he would be off to bed exactly as the clock struck ten, while he always rose at six precisely." One morning he was up at four to fortify his guest with parting counsels and poached eggs before he started out to fight one of his innumerable duels. Throughout these months at Brussels the *Lanterne* was issued week by week, but under the greatest difficulties. How to pass it through the frontier was the problem, and the *ruses* by which it was smuggled into France were most ingenious and amusing.

A cigar-dealer, who was friendly with the Hugos, told us that he had bribed an employee of the French Legation at Brussels to smuggle cigars into France in despatch-boxes, which, owing to the diplomatic immunity, were not examined by the customs authorities on the French frontier. He lent us one of these boxes, and the stratagem answered admirably, until one day the minister of foreign affairs received a consignment of cigars instead of his diplomatic papers. The *Lanterne* was not seized, but we knew the rose was blown, and that our next batch would never get beyond the frontier. We then sent them stuffed in plaster busts of Napoleon III. himself. We circulated the report that these statues were destined to replace the out-of-date ones in the municipal offices throughout France. As there were thirty-six thousand communes, we gave ourselves a very substantial margin. Our employees walked past the French Customs officers with a bust on each arm,

but unfortunately one of them happened to be insecurely fixed upon its pedestal, and fell in pieces at the feet of the authorities. My pamphlets were scattered in all directions, and, as the police would say, we were caught red-handed. The incident was so comic that our disappointment was well compensated by the ridicule which fell on the Tuilleries man. We at once hit upon another combination.

Returning to Paris in 1869 as a candidate for the first electoral division, Rochefort was arrested on the frontier, and this ineptitude on the part of the government carried him into the house of deputies by an overwhelming majority. Next day he was released, but then it was too late. The populace had been aroused to fury by the news of his arrest. The Grand Salon de Montmartre was crowded with electors waiting his arrival.

Suddenly a wild rumor spread through the mass—"Rochefort is arrested!" . . . The proprietor of the Grand Salon has since told me that the yelling, stamping, and beating of the walls was so violent that he feared the building would collapse. Men were delirious with anger and indignation. So great was the excitement that even Albiot could not make himself heard for quite ten minutes, although everybody in the hall was awaiting his declaration.

When Rochefort himself attempted to address the electors during the campaign, he could not be heard, but not because of the enthusiasm, feverish as that always was. Like many other brilliant writers, he was no orator.

My election speeches were quite incoherent. My task, however, was a very easy one, for I had only to open my mouth to excite applause. One of my meetings was reported in three lines by a ministerial newspaper—"He appears—(Vive Rochefort)! A glass of water is handed to him—(Vive Rochefort)! He wipes his face—(Vive Rochefort)! He leaves the platform—(Vive Rochefort)!"

Nor did he shine in the French Parliament. His speeches were made up of brief invectives and retorts. His eloquence appeared in his new paper, the *Marseillaise*, a veritable journal of

Bashi-Bazouks, in which I undertook a daily and conscientious attack on the empire, and everybody connected with it." The only outburst he records from all his speeches in the chamber has sometimes been quoted as his masterpiece. When his name was called out at the Louvre, on the occasion of the oath-taking after the election, the emperor, who presided, was seen to laugh. A few days after, Rochefort and his friend Raspail brought in a bill abolishing the conscription, which was greeted with loud jeers. The opportunity had come.

I asked permission to make a personal explanation, and, amid the breathless silence, hurled this little speech at the majority: "The minister has taken the liberty of describing our bill as ridiculous and childish. The policy of the government appears to be to ridicule all our acts and words. The chief of the State has been the first to adopt this attitude by daring to laugh when the name of the deputy for the first division of Paris was called out in his presence. The emperor grossly insulted the universal suffrage on which he pretends to rely. In any case, if I am ridiculous, I shall never be so ridiculous as the individual who walked about the promenade at Boulogne with an eagle on his shoulder, and a lump of lard in his hat."

For a violent article on what he calls the murder of Victor Noir by Pierre, son of Lucien, Bonaparte, Rochefort sent to prison on the ninth of February, 1870, and there he remained till he was rescued by the Paris mob soon after the disaster of Sedan. "Covered with flowers, and entwined like Maypoles with colored ribbons," he and his fellow-prisoners were carried to the Hotel de Ville, where the provisional government was sitting. Etienne Arago, who was walking up and down the pavement gesticulating, threw himself into Rochefort's arms, and shouted, "Vive la République," at the top of his voice. "Vive la République! my child," he repeated. "The Mayor of Paris embraces you!" In response to the clamors of the crowd, the hero of the hour was made a member of the govern-

ment, Jules Favre "consoling himself with the reflection, 'It is better to have him with us than against us.'" At that moment, Rochefort thinks, he might have had the dictatorship if he had wished. Instead of this, he threw himself into the work of preparation for the coming siege of Paris, and firmly stood between the furious populace and the government until the "shilly-shallying" of Trochu and Jules Favre rendered his position untenable. Speaking of the horrors of the siege, the author notes, as M. Zola in "*La Débâcle*"¹ observes, that, in the dearth of solid food, the people formed the habit of excessive drinking which since then has grown to such alarming proportions.

Specialists [says M. Rochefort] have established the fact that, during the interval between the siege and the hour at which I am writing, the sale of absinthe and similar poisons has reached such proportions, that alcoholism is extending throughout the country like a cancer, threatening to undermine not only our health, but our race.

During the Commune Rochefort devoted himself almost exclusively to his paper, the *Mot d'Ordre*, and by his criticisms, both of the government at Versailles and of the Paris insurgents, he placed himself between two fires. It is clear that he was never directly connected with the Communards; he so ruthlessly attacked their chiefs that he only escaped the fate of Darboy and the other hostages by flight. But flight in this case meant arrest outside the walls of Paris by the agents of the Government of Thiers, for inciting an attack upon whose house, and for other crimes and misdemeanors, he was sentenced to perpetual imprisonment. The account of his arrest at Meaux, which was still in the hands of the Germans, is characteristic and amusing. The general in command was in high dudgeon because the prisoner had been taken without his authority.

He compelled the commissary to lead him to the prison. . . . His severe look led

¹ Eng. Trans. Chatto & Windus, p. 497.

me to think at first that he was going to take revenge for the warlike policy I had advocated during the siege, and the resignation I had sent to the National Assembly, rather than approve the treaty of peace. . . . I could not have been more completely deceived. Suddenly changing his manner, he approached me with a gracious air, and said, "You are M. Henri Rochefort, the celebrated author of the *Lanterne*, are you not?" I replied with a sign of acquiescence, and he continued, "You were arrested yesterday without my knowledge. I am master here. My name is General —. My father knew your grandfather at Coblenz during the emigration period. Kindly take my arm; you are going to leave this prison with me." It was a tempting offer. . . . I took a moment to reflect. The prospect of being set at liberty upon the order of the men who had just dismembered my country seemed to me to be unacceptable, and I replied to the would-be liberator, "I am much obliged to you, sir. Unfortunately I cannot allow myself to take advantage of the assistance you propose. You will understand why." I saluted him, and returned to the garden to continue my walk.

The very same day he was hurried off by a special commissary from Versailles, who threatened to blow out his brains at the least sign of resistance, and for many weeks he expected hourly to be led out to summary execution. In September, 1871, he was tried, on several counts, before a military tribunal, and sentenced to "perpetual transportation in a fortified place." This was interpreted by the government to mean Noumea, in New Caledonia. Victor Hugo pleaded with De Broglie, "that political and literary nonentity," for a modification of the sentence as "commuted" by the authorities. Why Noumea? Everybody knew that with his delicate constitution, Rochefort would be broken by the long and frightful voyage, or devoured by the climate, or killed by pining for his native land. The sentence as "commuted" was a sentence of death.

It will be a day of mourning, indeed, when France learns that the grave has opened for this brilliant and valiant mind! It is a writer whose fate is at stake, and

one of rare originality. You are a minister and an academician; your duties in this matter are in harmony and aid each other in their accomplishment.

Hugo's eloquence was thrown away. Rochefort was transported—by degrees.

First, he was sent to Fort Boyard, off the coast of France, near La Rochelle, where his coming caused a fever of excitement amongst "the Jonahs swarming in the belly of the monumental whale." In about a year he was transferred to Oleron, not, however, until after two almost successful ventures for his liberty. In the subterranean dungeons of this citadel he experienced "durance vile" indeed. Fifty prisoners were thrust into a den too small for ten. The sea oozed through the filthy walls and dripped upon the hideous mattress that made up his stock of furniture. At night enormous water-rats, as large as cats, mistook his face and body for a racecourse, and sometimes drowned themselves in his drinking-water. Smaller vermin swarmed upon him and almost devoured him; and, all the while, the Paris press was clamoring, in the interests of equal justice, against the "scandalous favors" that were being shown to him. But there were some alleviations. In a larger room in the barracks to which he was transferred he became acquainted with the Arab chiefs, for whom he had so long and vainly demanded an amnesty, and with them he spent some pleasant hours. For the purpose of a novel he was writing he had procured some colored fashion-plates.

My Arabs were stupefied at this avalanche of women in pretty colors. Mahomet forbade his followers to be painted, no one has ever known why. One of my native comrades took me discreetly aside, and inquired mysteriously if these ladies were my moulées. I told him they were my wives and that they had all sent their portraits. He spent much of his time looking at them, with tears in his eyes, thinking probably of the wives he had left on the other side of the Mediterranean. . . . I ended by presenting the plates to him, a gift which delighted him highly, and which he regarded as princely. He pasted them

on the wall over the head of his bed, and knelt before them every night when he said his prayers.

In the autumn of 1873, after having been permitted to marry the dying mother of his children "to secure their legitimacy," Rochefort was transported in a cage, in the hold of an old and crazy frigate, to New Caledonia, where, after a martyrdom of sea-sickness, he arrived on the 10th of December, amid a demonstration from the convicts on the landing-stage, such as is not often witnessed or permitted in this world. His life was Noumea was exile rather than imprisonment. He took it gaily and enjoyed it much, in spite of the mosquitos and the heat. The sunsets there reminded him of Turner's "incomparable painting," "Ulysses quitting Polyphemus," in our National Gallery. They were of liquefied gold, transfused with amethyst. The loveliest lunar rainbows spanned the humid evening sky. The stars on clear nights seemed as if about to fall upon their heads. The phosphorescent sea on those pale nights, in which the moon shone bright enough for them to see to read, formed a spectacle of poetic beauty not to be described. But exile, even in these delightful scenes, was exile still, and, "like a joke, the better for being short." "I am not sorry to have seen this," he used to say, "but it is almost time to go and see something else."

The time was nearer than the thought. The captain of an Australian sailing vessel was easily persuaded to connive at a plan for rescuing the famous convict from a rock, to which, together with a few companions, he was to swim under cover of darkness. But the story must be told in Rochefort's words. Dumas has nothing better in the way of marvellous escapes.

Our friend had gone on board, and, by a most encouraging coincidence, found the captain reading *Bow Bells* in his cabin, at the page containing my biography, with a portrait at the head. Grandthille had not much difficulty in making him understand his proposal. He was to receive ten thou-

sand francs for hiding me and my companions in the hold of his barque. He accepted the proposal without any discussion. "M. Henri Rochefort," said he, "is too much of a gentleman not to respect his word of honor. . . . Returning from my farewell walk I saw a large shark disporting itself between our peninsula and the island of Nou. I called Bauér's attention to it, saying to myself in an aside, "Perhaps that is the one that will eat us to-night." But when we plunged into the sea the clouds were thickening, and the dog-fish, frightened by the thunder, had sought refuge at the bottom of the sea. . . . Though I had often swum out to the rock, it appeared this time to be unusually distant. The tide, which was generally very slack, had almost covered its surface, and I found it impossible to distinguish it through the leaden veil that hung around us. I began to ask myself whether we had taken the right direction, for I swam a little ahead of my two companions, when I suddenly struck my knee against a pointed piece of rock and found that we were within our depths. More active than myself, Olivier Pain and Paschal Grousset scrambled up the peak ahead of me. . . . We danced attendance in the crevices, and talked of returning to our hut, thinking that Grandthille had not been able to seize his employer's boat. The five gas jets in front of the prison on the island of Nou were the only spots of light to be seen. Suddenly one of these lights disappeared and then reappeared, whilst the next one seemed to go out. Evidently an opaque body was passing between us and the lights. Soon afterwards the noise of rowing reached our ears. "Are you there?" came a voice. "Yes." "Well, you'll have to swim for it; the boat can't get alongside. She only needs to touch a reef and she'll sink." We slid down into the water, and, after swimming several fathoms, managed to clutch the gunwale of the boat, like Cynægirus, and were dragged into it one after another. We dressed as hurriedly as possible, Ballière took the rudder, the boat put about, and we made for the port, where the ladder of the P. C. E. was hanging over the side ready for us to mount on board.

After numerous narrow escapes the ship got out to sea, and landed the passengers safe, but penniless, on the shores of New South Wales. Money

came from France, and they were enabled to discharge their obligations and secure a passage in a steamer, via Fiji and Hawaii, to San Francisco.

The later chapters are as lively and diverting as the rest, but English readers, for whom this edition has been specially prepared, would not have been sorry to have been spared the pain of seeing so much vitriolic language poured upon the author's enemies, both great and small. We pass it by, and linger for a moment on the pleasanter and more amusing portions of the narrative. When in Australia, a kangaroo-hunt was arranged for M. Rochefort and his friends.

It was a delightful day, except for the poor kangaroos, three of which were shot, and a fourth missed, or, rather, I would have missed it if I had fired at it. . . . "Why didn't you fire at once? We gave you the best place." "I couldn't fire," I replied. "When I saw it stand up, and put its hand in its pocket, I took it for an omnibus conductor."

In Honolulu they were favored with an audience by King Kalakaava, who protested that he was more revolutionary than themselves. After far too many bottles of champagne, his Majesty commanded them to sing the Mar-seillaise.

It cost me something to come out as a tenor for the first time in my life. Still, Pain and I dare not refuse. Benedict went to the piano, and we all intoned the regicide anthem called for by the king. This over, Kalakaava was anxious to show that he knew something about piano-playing himself, and entertained us with one or two *morceaux* of a not very complicated order.

New York deluged him with applications for his autograph. "Come back immediately," wired Pain to Rochefort, in his brief retirement to prepare a speech. "Letters already up to my waist; mounting at the rate of about a yard an hour." In Ireland and in England his reception was not quite so cordial. The people had not yet got rid of their belief in his complicity in outrage and in murder during the Com-

mune. In spite of his pronounced Home Rule opinions, he was stoned in the streets of Cork, and, on a visit to Madame Tussaud's, in London, he was much amused to find that, since his previous visit, his effigy had been transferred from the society of kings and emperors in the Saloon of Honor to the company of criminals, in the Chamber of Horrors. His time in London, then and subsequently, was employed in picture-hunting, and in writing for the press. But, both in London and Geneva, where he sheltered Vera Zassoulitch, the Russian Nihilist who shot the chief of the St. Petersburg police, he was the centre to which revolutionaries of all shades and countries drew, as if by instinct and affinity. Some of them were sorry specimens, as he himself admits, and but imperfectly developed Socialists.

One day, I was accosted by a long-bearded man in Oxford Street, who confided his troubles to me. He had just reached London, he said, after escaping an Assize Court verdict condemning him as an Anarchist. "Ah!" I said, naively, "For a newspaper article or for a speech?" "Neither," he replied, in an off-hand tone, "it was for having brought Socialistic principles of redistribution to bear on a gold watch." But he kept the watch, and thus this piece of redistribution turned in no way to the advantage of society.

For Boulanger, of whose latter days and doings he saw much, in Belgium and in London, Rochefort had a cordial admiration, both as patriot and as soldier.

I am compelled [he writes, in summing up the aims of his co-exile and protégé] to declare that all the criticisms passed upon General Boulanger, even the most favorable, are completely erroneous. He always made me his confidant. . . . The sole object which he obstinately pursued was the avenging of our disasters, and the recovery of the lost provinces.

But his wealth of admiration was not all expended on his friend. As was but fair and natural, a little was reserved for some one else. At the close of his

triumphal entry into Paris, on his second amnesty in 1895, our hero wrote:—

What struck me more than anything, was this cry, which, from Calais to the Gare du Nord, never ceased to ring in my ears: "Long live honest men!" . . . I shall make this title the pride of my life. It gives the true note of popular sentiment, and shows the real significance of this demonstration. It was not the good or bad articles that I have penned during the last thirty years which were applauded by the hundreds of thousands of Parisians massed by the route followed by my collaborators and myself; it was my known disinterestedness, and the certainty that I am incapable of selling my conscience or my vote.

The auto-eulogy is not entirely undeserved. Within the limits of his rather narrow code of honor, M. Rochefort has been honesty itself, and, in spite of all his intransigence and bitterness in public life, in other spheres he has not seldom shown a kindly and a tender heart.

Lofty and sour to those who love him not: To all who seek him, sweet as summer.

Of most refined and cultured pagans, so much as this may be said. To every man his due.

From The London Times.
THE POSITION OF NONCONFORMITY.

The article on "The Outlook for the Established Church of England" which appeared in these columns last September excited an interest far wider than the limits of the Anglican Communion. In that article, however, the Non-conforming members of the English Church were only referred to in their capacity of opponents. It seems advisable that the readers of the *Times* should be placed in possession of a statement, as full as newspaper limits will allow, of the present situation of the Dissenting bodies—their position in regard to the Church of England and to each other, and the tendencies which

are modifying the views and practice of English Nonconformity.

At the outset, it may be well to dispose of a common delusion as to the number of Christian sects in this country. According to a list in "Whitaker's Almanack" there are two hundred and ninety-three "denominations" certified to the registrar-general as having "places of meeting for religious worship" in England and Wales. These include various Jewish, Moslem, and Mormon societies; the Secularists, Spiritualists, and Positivists; a number of evangelistic organizations, such as the British and Foreign Sailors' Society, the Railway Mission, and the Young Men's Christian Association, which are no more correctly described as "denominations" than the British Association or the Commons Preservation Society would be; and a multitude of insignificant groups, from the "Believers in Joanna Southcott" to the "Worshippers of God," which not one Englishman in a thousand has ever heard of outside of the registrar-general's catalogue. As a matter of fact, there are three large denominations in England—the Congregationalists, Baptists, and Wesleyan Methodists; and eight others of considerable importance—the Presbyterians, the Unitarians, the Society of Friends, the Salvation Army, and four Methodist bodies known as the Primitive Methodists, Methodist New Connection, United Methodist Free Churches, and Bible Christians.

The one point on which all these are understood to be united is their opposition to, or at any rate their divergence from, the Church of England. This opposition and this divergence, however, have in the past varied greatly among the different denominations. Fifty years ago the Wesleyans were sharply divided from the rest of the Dissenters by their friendship for "the Church," and so lately as the seventies there was a very strong and influential party of Wesleyans who were always ready to fight the battles of the Church against their fellow Nonconformists. On the other hand, among the Congregationalists and Baptists of the first half of

this century, there was a common feeling that the Church of England was an un-Christian if not an anti-Christian body. In neither case was the reason hard to find. The Wesleyan Connection was largely the creation of one man, who, under every provocation, retained a deep affection for his mother Church; and his followers long held by his opinions, as they have held by his name to this day. The two older bodies, born in a revolt against the English Church of the sixteenth century, grew up in a life-and-death struggle with sacerdotalism; they were recreated and launched upon a career of opposition by the action of the sacerdotal party, in expelling the famous two thousand Puritan clergymen from the Church of England in 1662. But the alienation of the older Dissenters from the Church has appreciably diminished, while that of the younger bodies has distinctly increased.

The Congregationalists have never been a strongly denominational body. With them, as their name implies, each congregation of Christians is a Church in itself, meeting other Churches of the same kind for purposes of discussion, and joining in voluntary associations to promote mission work, but owning no legislative authority except that of Christ as the head of the whole Catholic Church. Lacking the cohesion maintained by the iron band of an Anglican episcopate, a Methodist conference, or a Presbyterian assembly, they have bestowed less care and means than most other bodies upon the enterprises of their own denomination; and they have attached less weight than any of their fellow Dissenters to their own peculiarities of belief and practice. The old leaders, and perhaps the ministers as a whole, would argue with some warmth that Congregationalism was the primitive and Apostolic form of Church government; but a large and increasing number of Congregationalists, while agreeing with the assertion, decline to push the argument very far. "Our plan suits us," they say, "but another plan may suit other people." Congregationalists even

adopt a modified form of episcopacy in parts of the foreign mission field. The Church of England form of service, too, is no longer an object of positive aversion, as it once was. As long as thirty years ago a stalwart Congregational minister used to take his children to the parish church on Christmas morning and to St. Paul's Cathedral on Sunday afternoons, and no one called him weak-kneed or suspected him of secret leanings to the Scarlet Woman. Since then the waters of strife have been drying up apace, and no prejudice is so nearly evaporated as that against the Anglican liturgy. In the case of the Baptists, the denominational spirit is strengthened by the distinctive tenet which gives them their name. Nevertheless, even in their ranks a kindlier spirit towards the Church of England has grown up and continues to grow. This spirit, however, shows no signs of developing into indiscriminate admiration.

The Nonconformists recognize the fact that the Anglican clergy, with comparatively few exceptions, are earnest workers for the Christianization of the world, and that many of the clergy are practically at one with Nonconformists in theological opinion. For these, the evangelical section of the Church, Nonconformists have an increasing sympathy. The others, the High Churchmen, while they compel admiration by their energy and devotion, and often win personal friendship by their geniality, have provoked by many of their practices and much of their teaching a feeling of repugnance which every year intensifies. The growth of sacramentalian opinion among the Anglican clergy has been accompanied by an accentuation of intolerance towards other communions. This intolerance seems to be a logical result of that opinion; and the effect is one of the strongest arguments against the cause. In proportion as a man exaggerates the authority of his own organization and approaches the point at which an organization appears to its members to be infallible, so his annoyance increases at the existence of other

organizations presuming to do the same kind of work. Where the Dissenting minister is also a cultured gentleman the vicar's contempt for his position cannot but be mollified by his respect for the man himself, and cases are not rare in which the High Church priest and the Nonconformist minister are personally on good and even familiar terms. But when the differences of origin and education are great, however the Dissenter's moral character may seem to command respect, there is little chance of that social intercourse which takes the edge off ecclesiastical contempt. All the Dissenting bodies have been accustomed to this; but the Methodists, having attached the least importance to education as a qualification for the ministry, and drawing their members most largely from the humblest social rank, have had the bitterest experience of ecclesiastical bigotry. The consequence is that Methodism has been alienated as Puritanism was; and lately the more conservative organ of the Wesleyan Church has expressed a sorrowful foreboding that the conference will be led to pass a disestablishment resolution. In the minor sections of Methodism the same movement is visible—a movement towards disestablishment, fostered, if not created, by the un-Protestant transformation that has come over the Church of England. Even the Presbyterians, who include a large percentage of Conservative politicians and are composed to a great extent of State Churchmen from Scotland, have had their friendship for the English Church seriously weakened. The old feeling of hatred to "black prelacy," burnt into the Scottish heart by the Stuart persecutions, has almost faded away; but something closely akin to it is being aroused by the arrogance of those Episcopalian who proclaim and insist that they, and they alone, are "the Church."

Opposition to the State establishment of sacerdotalism and opposition to all State establishment of religion are, it may be argued, not the same thing. Indeed, an eminent man might occasionally be found in Congregationalism,

to say nothing of Methodism or Presbyterianism, whose political ideals include a close connection between the State and a Church of which he could approve. But in practice those who would disestablish the Church of England form a single force; and those who begin by admitting that disestablishment in our present circumstances is expedient end by adopting disestablishment as a policy applicable to any circumstances in which the country is likely to find itself. If there are any members of a Christian communion who are actuated by jealousy, by an unworthy desire to benefit their own denomination at the expense of another, or by any motive except an honest wish to advance the cause of Christianity, they must be very rare. One of the promoting causes of the disestablishment movement is undoubtedly a sense of the injustice which an establishment system involves. But a sense of injustice can only be identified with jealousy by a stretch of the polemical imagination. As a matter of fact, the general conviction and hope among Nonconformists is that when the Church of England is disestablished, when the responsibility for her management is thrown on her own members, lay as well as clerical, she will become more respected, more vigorous, and more successful than before; and even among strenuous liberationists there is to be found a belief that the increased success of the disestablished Church will be to some extent gained at the expense of the other denominations.

"Our attitude towards the Church as an establishment," an intelligent Dissenter would say, "is not of our own making; it was made for us by the State. By the Act of Uniformity, to go no further back, the State imposed certain conditions on all who wished to hold office in the Church. All who believed that the articles to be subscribed were contrary to the spirit of Christianity had no option, if they were honest, save to dissent; and dissent involved a multitude of civil disabilities which they as freeborn men could not accept as final. It was the law, therefore,

which made dissent political. Civil disabilities were one by one dropped. But we had been taught by bitter experience to protest against the appointment by crown or 'patron' of men to wield spiritual authority as an interference with the most inalienable rights of a Christian society. It is not enough to say that the particular Christian society in question wills to have it so. Even if there were no signs of internal revolt against State control it would be our right as members of the State to work for the release of the State from functions which it is unfitted to perform, and it would be our duty as members of the Christian Church to protest against the degradation to which we see an important section of that Church subjected. At the same time we have not the least expectation of disestablishing the Church by ourselves; disestablishment is bound to come, but the deciding force will come from within."

In the same way the feeling of Nonconformists towards the Church as a Church may be summed up in these words:—

The religious revival in the Church during this century has had no more sympathetic observers than ourselves. As the late Dr. Dale declared, there has been beyond question a large endowment of the Spirit in the new life of the Anglican Church. With a larger catholicism than that of the Anglican clergy themselves, the Dissenter has rejoiced to see their religious activity, their consecration to the cause of the outcast and fallen, and the extent to which the old Evangelical beliefs have been emphasized under sacramental forms. To us it would seem profane to question the validity of Anglican orders which the Christian life and work of the ordained are every day proving valid. Imagine, then, our feelings when a young, untried, and perhaps altogether third-rate curate claims a Divine authority which he denies to the most venerable, scholarly, and devoted Christian who has spent a life of self-sacrifice in the Nonconformist ministry. Even supposing that the physical line of Apostolical succession could be proved unbroken from the beginning, to place reliance on a series of ordination ceremonies, especially as those ceremonies

were often performed by popes and bishops whose lives disproved their Christian professions, seems to us on a par with the mediæval belief in the efficacy of magical spells. To question the validity of Nonconformist orders where every evidence of validity is given by a man's life and work is to deny the most sacred right of the great Head of the Church to choose his representatives where he pleases. While we feel great sympathy towards the religious revival, we feel a deepening antagonism to the form it has assumed. The Christianity of Christ was free from any official priesthood and any sacerdotal acts or institutions. We believe that Christianity to have been so essentially spiritual, and to have so franchised and empowered all Christian people, that they were the true sources, or rather channels, through which the "orders" received validity—not that the Christian people received from "orders" the validity of their worship and sacraments. In our opinion the priest is arrogating to himself the attributes of the Christian community, externalizing and so depraving a spiritual religion, and making dependent on his own acts the effects and conditions which can come from God alone. Beyond this fundamental difference we are persuaded that nothing has so tended to deteriorate the Christian religion and to suppress liberty both in Church and State as the conversion of the Christian ministry into a priesthood. We hold that all history is on our side in proving the mischievous effects of that transformation; and we believe that the intrusion of the priestly idea in Christian society is due to the action of partly Levitical and partly Pagan ideas. With the Evangelical party in the Church of England we are so largely in agreement that we fail to understand why they should maintain an attitude of isolation from us. So far, however, as they are restrained from brotherly co-operation with us by a law of their Church, we understand only too well. The law forbidding an Anglican clergyman to participate with Nonconformists (or even with conforming members of the Established Church in the northern part of this kingdom) in any religious service is, whatever glosses you may put upon it, an open and standing insult and a continuing act of schism. If the sin of schism is to be found in the mere act of maintaining our separate organizations, however willing we may be to fight shoulder to shoulder with you against the common enemy, then the

sin is ours as well as yours. If, as we believe, it is to be found in the spirit of exclusiveness for which Christ reprobated his disciples, and in the refusal of Christian recognition and fellowship to all who follow the same leader without wearing the uniform of your regiment, we are bound to say that the responsibility is yours and not ours.

Theologically, the position of Nonconformity has undergone more than one striking change in the last half-century. First came the latitudinarian movement, most strongly marked in the two older bodies. It was a fear of this new heretical tendency and an exaggerated impression of its extent that led the Congregational Union, about twenty years ago, to proclaim its orthodoxy by a resolution very closely akin to a creed, and that caused, later on, the secession of Mr. Spurgeon from the Baptist Union. There is now, apparently, a reaction in the orthodox direction. The "advanced" men seem to have retraced their steps. With few exceptions, they preach the Incarnation, the Atonement, the Trinity, and even in the matter of Biblical criticism they are not so ready as they once were to jump at all the conclusions of the "higher critics." On the other hand, the attitude of the orthodox Dissenters has been distinctly liberalized. They have—speaking generally, of course—abandoned the language of rigid literalism against which the new movement was a protest. Their fear that the application of literary and historical methods to the study of the Bible would destroy men's faith in Christ has largely died away, like the panic which followed the promulgation of Darwinism—alleviated partly by reason and partly by the fact that the leading heretics of the critical school have proved themselves men of the warmest Evangelical fervor and the keenest devotion to the person of Christ. According to Doctor Berry, chairman of the Congregational Union, speaking lately at a Baptist meeting, these two Churches, after passing through a period of intellectual discussion and analysis which is rarely a time of great spiritual activity, are

emerging into an epoch of certainty and enthusiasm characterized by "more credible views" of the Gospel of Christ. Among Methodists the latitudinarian movement was never strong enough to arouse excitement, but the orthodoxy on which Methodism prides itself has assumed a somewhat modernized form. The theological position of Nonconformity as a whole may be described as "broadly evangelical." The Unitarians form an obvious exception, but theirs is a small body. Their activity has helped to liberalize opinion in other denominations rather than to increase their own numbers.

Passing away from the great dogmas referred to, we find a marked indisposition to attach importance to the doctrines which used to distinguish the sects from each other. The Calvinism which marked in varying degrees the Congregationalists, Baptists, and Presbyterians is not, and for a long time has not been, the cruel creed denounced by the old Arminians; and the Arminianism of the Methodists, against which the old Calvinists used to fulminate, has come to embrace a more explicit recognition of the sovereignty of God, which was the strength of Calvinism. The insistence on adult baptism, which forms the only appreciable difference between Baptists and Congregationalists, can be called insistence no longer. There are groups of "strict Baptists" in various parts of the country; but even Mr. Spurgeon admitted unimmersed Christians to the Communion, and in a great many churches they are allowed the full rights of church membership. Some Baptist ministers go so far as to perform a dedication of infants—a practice substantially identical with the infant baptism of Congregationalists, Methodists, and Presbyterians.

In regard to questions of ritual, we find a movement of the most striking, almost startling, character. The progress—or retrogression, according to the point of view—of the Scottish Established Church towards a liturgical form of worship has for some years been familiar to English Churchmen, and it is Scotland which furnishes the

most remarkable instances of ceremonial elaboration among Nonconformists. At Paisley there is a Baptist cathedral, with a surpliced choir—of both sexes. In a Glasgow Congregational church a liturgy is used, with choral responses, including the Ten Commandments and the chanted psalms; the lessons are read from a lectern; daily services are held, and over the altar or communion table stands a large gilt cross. English Nonconformity, which alone this article attempts to describe, has not yet gone so far, but it is feeling its way. Under the pressure of increased aesthetic culture, which is no longer checked either by the old prejudice against all the ways of "the Church," or by the sturdy whole-souled Puritanism that found it as easy to worship in a barn as in a cathedral, attempts are being made in a multitude of churches to add to the external reverence and beauty of public worship. The use of chants and anthems is now well-nigh universal; the singing of the "Amen" at the close of every hymn is general; and a choral "Amen" is creeping in at the end of the benediction. Many a Nonconformist minister uses an occasional collect from the English Prayer-book; and the chanting of the Lord's Prayer by the congregation is often heard. Doctor Barrett, an ex-chairman of the Congregational Union, and the chief spokesman of the service-reform movement in that denomination, emphatically repudiates any desire to substitute a liturgy for "free prayer," believing that such a change "would kill Congregationalism in less than fifty years." One great objection to the English Church service is felt to be its invariability. The protection which this affords to a congregation against the vagaries or the infelicities of the minister may be purchased at too high a price. Nor is this protection so sorely needed as it was. The "long prayer," which might be described either as a course of instruction to the Almighty or as a preliminary sermon to the congregation, has been not only shortened but improved in quality. Young ministers are preparing their

prayers as they prepare their sermons; and this branch of ministerial work is no longer neglected at the theological colleges. A fear of formalizing and stereotyping the expressions of devotion, and a dread of elevating any form of words or outward practice to a position in which it might come to be regarded as having a virtue not its own, may be trusted to keep the development of ritual within moderate bounds, except where a minister of exceptional influence sets himself to break down those limits.

It must not be forgotten that there is a simultaneous movement towards modes of worship even less formal than the average Nonconformist congregation is accustomed to. This tendency is caused partly by the restiveness of the puritan instinct at the sight of Anglican ritualism and partly by the discovery that rigidity is repellent to "the masses;" but in practice it is not found impossible to combine unconventionality with a certain elaboration of forms. The Baptists in this matter have shown less disposition to change than the Congregationalists, and the Presbyterians rather less than the Baptists. A Presbyterian prayer-book has, indeed, been in existence for nearly a dozen years. It gives prayers for special occasions, such as marriages and funerals, and sample forms of words for such regular petitions as the eucharistic prayer, with the suggestion "to this or the like effect." But this modest service-book has never been adopted by the Synod, and many of the Presbyterians have only consented to hymn-singing under protest. The old metrical psalms are still sung, even where hymns are also used. Taking the question of ritual as a whole, the tendency of Presbyterianism is to allow great congregational liberty. As for the Wesleyans, a number of their congregations have used the Church of England service from Wesley's days to our own. It was, however, very generally abandoned as unsuitable for the evangelistic work of a society which had evangelization for its main object. The liturgy is now being introduced in churches of

the respectable-suburban type, but ministers working among the poor are under no such temptation.

There is one detail of this matter of externals which must on no account be omitted, and that is the costume of the minister. Churches have split up on the great gown question quite as readily as on points of doctrine. It is not with Nonconformists a question of black gown or white, but of black gown or none. The gown has been very generally abandoned by Congregationalists and is practically unknown among the Baptists and Methodists, but is still cherished among the Presbyterians. Doctor Barrett advises his fellow-ministers to wear it; but this suggestion has been received with far more hostility than his liturgical proposals. The fact is that the gown is felt to be the badge of a caste in a community which does not believe in caste, the uniform of a commanding officer on a man who is the chief servant of his congregation. "To place the layman on a par with the priest," says Taine, "or at most separated by only one degree, is the work of the Reformation." Nonconformists tolerated the one degree of difference while there was a difference of several degrees in intellect; but nowadays the pew often equals and sometimes surpasses the pulpit in education, and has in any case an increasing dislike to anything savoring of caste, priestly or otherwise. A number of ministers, in deference to this sentiment, which they share, have discarded even that last remnant of clerical attire—the white necktie—and appear, whether in the pulpit or out of it, in the ordinary apparel of an English gentleman. Some of their brethren, on the other hand, can scarcely be distinguished on the street from High Church clergymen. This may be maliciously ascribed to the minister's personal vanity or love of authority, or with less hesitation to a regard for the convenience of the public whom he desires to serve; but it is undoubtedly in large measure a repudiation of the Anglican's claim to exclusive possession of valid orders. This, it should be said, appears to be only a

backwater beside the general current.

The layman's claim to "equal rights," of which the dislike for clerical dress is a minor symptom, is increasingly urgent in the sphere of Church government. A kindred instinct has been lately manifested in the Church of England itself, and must, in the opinion of Nonconformists, lead to considerable curtailments of episcopal and pastoral authority in that communion. Next to the Anglicans, so far as the power of the clergy is concerned, come the Wesleyans. Twenty years ago the denomination was ruled entirely by its ministers. Then laymen were admitted to a sort of half-membership in the governing Conference. That is to say, the clergy met first by themselves and settled all questions of doctrine and discipline and the appointment of ministers to the various circuits for the next three years; and then the lay representatives came in to a joint session at which matters of finance were discussed. Ten years ago a further concession was made; the pastoral session was divided into two parts, of which only one was to be held before the representative session. The last step in the direction of equality is now under discussion. A proposal that in future the joint session shall be held first has been adopted by an important connectional committee—the votes being thirty to five. If this change is carried out, the laymen will come in on the first day of Conference, and will take part in the election of the president who wields great executive powers during his term of office. The joint session will then proceed to settle all questions into which the financial element enters; and this category is so wide that the supplementary meeting of ministers may find itself with very little work to do. In the Conference of the Methodist New Connection there is equal lay and ministerial representation. In the United Methodist Free Church Conference the proportion depends on the will of the various circuits represented and in practice this leads to a large preponderance of ministers. The Primi-

tive Methodist Conference differs from all the rest in having two lay members for every minister. The Presbyterian governing Synod is composed of the minister and one layman from each congregation, and of the college professors; so that the ministerial element slightly preponderates. The only constitutional change of importance now under discussion in this denomination is one by which the life appointment of ministers would give place to something like the Methodist itinerating system. One proposal is that ministers should as a rule be changed every five years; another is that seven years should be the limit, with power of extension for life if the minister and congregation agree. While Presbyterians are thus retreating from one extreme, and trying to reduce pastores to a period which will not exhaust the sermonizing power of an average preacher, the Wesleyans are coming to meet them from the other extreme. Conference has given a guarded approval to a lengthening of the pastoral term from three years to six; and the proposal is being referred to the local synods, quarterly meetings, and trustees.

What to others may seem a far more notable innovation is the proposed appointment of Wesleyan bishops. Wesleyanism, however, is already to some extent episcopal; and the practical proposal now before the denomination is not to increase the episcopal power of the present district chairmen so much as to relieve them of the congregational or other offices they now hold and allow them to give their whole time to episcopal duties. The proposal has not yet obtained the approval of Conference. It is well known that Methodist bishops are common in the United States; and although the title of bishop was abolished in Canada a few years ago when the Methodist Episcopal Church united with the other Methodist bodies, the office survives in the hands of "General superintendents." Among Congregationalists and Baptists as at present organized—or unorganized—there is no legislative body which can either trans-

fer a minister from one church to another or delegate authority to bishops. The grievance caused by pastorates which have exceeded their natural and useful duration can therefore be only remedied by the individual congregation turning its minister adrift. This, in the absence of a general scheme by which he could at once find work elsewhere, the congregation is loth to do until the prosperity of the church is injured perhaps beyond repair. In these two bodies there is no desire for authoritative persons; but there is a distinct desire for some means by which the denomination as a whole might exercise authority over churches which cannot stand on their own legs without denominational support.

The net result of these and other movements is a remarkable broadening and assimilation of opinion and practice among the principal Nonconformist sects. They have come so close together that nothing seems to prevent their union, and union, accordingly, we see in process of accomplishment. There are two forms of union—federation and amalgamation. The second of these may, and probably will, grow out of the first, and a beginning will very likely be made by the Wesleyans and other Methodists within a distance measurable by years rather than by decades. But a federal union has not only been found practicable without disturbance to existing organizations, but has been by all the organizations warmly welcomed. The National Free Church Council, as the new federal parliament is called, has no more legislative power than the Church Congress; but the Council is more formally representative, being composed of properly elected delegates from local councils in which all the sections of Methodism, the Congregationalists and Baptists, the Presbyterians, the Quakers, and other evangelical dissenting bodies have united. The movement aims at creating in every part of the country a close alliance of hitherto isolated forces, superseding rivalry by co-operation. United missions are undertaken on a large scale; the united force is brought

into play against such evils as the gambling habit, intemperate drinking, and licentiousness. Sometimes the different denominations unite in maintaining Christian work at poor centres, and in at least one case already a church is being built by united effort, its ultimate ecclesiastical connection being regarded as an indifferent matter. In carrying out plans of visitation each church makes itself responsible for an allotted district, which becomes its parish. By this delimitation of "spheres of influence" a check is put upon the competition of the different sects, and upon the overlapping of charitable relief. The multiplication of unnecessary chapels may be said to have ceased, the sectarian spirit which called them into existence having become too weak to be aggressive. Whether the new federation will be able to undo the mischief by persuading two or three feeble groups of worshippers to unite in one healthy congregation remains to be seen.

If the term "High Church" were not commonly identified with a sacramental and ritualistic party no better expression could be used to describe Nonconformity as found in its new federal councils. While objecting to the State establishment of a sect, Nonconformity objects far more strongly to a State which does not embody the Christian spirit in its laws and in its social life. The right of the State to control religion is denied, but the duty of religion to mould the State is affirmed. For this purpose Nonconformists desire to work hand in hand with the Church whenever the position of the Church will allow; and the Church will obviously find it easier to work with a federated Nonconformity, whose position can readily be ascertained, than with a number of Nonconforming items. In South London a joint committee of Churchmen and Free Churchmen has already been formed, with the Bishop of Rochester for chairman, to carry on rescue work and to stimulate the civil authorities in a campaign against disorderly houses. At the same time, the federation of Nonconformists involves a

strengthening of their resistance to the Church of England in its proselytizing and excommunicating moods. From one point of view the dissenting denominations by uniting with each other emphasize the fact of their division from the Church; though the dropping of the term "Nonconformist" shows a desire to lay stress on the positive rather than "opposite" nature of Free Church life. In the more or less distant future it is hoped that Nonconformist federation will prove a stepping-stone rather than a stumbling-block to a larger federation in which the Church of England will take a noble share. But for the present Nonconformists are too busy with practical affairs to discuss the obviously impracticable; and the sense of their own increasing freedom from schisms will scarcely incline them to amalgamate with a Church torn by the tremendous schism which divides the High Churchman from the Evangelical.

One of the most significant facts in connection with this very significant movement is that a catechism is being prepared for the common use of the Federated Churches, and that by this and other means "Free Church" history and principles will be systematically ingrained in the minds of the young. In the separated denominations such teaching has been neglected, largely because of the disinclination to dwell on points of difference. This is now felt to have been a cause of serious loss. Children whose mental nourishment in their most impressionable years includes the story of their stalwart and often heroic ancestors, and who are taught with clearness—not without charity—the reasons why the ancestral steps cannot be retraced, will not be so easily influenced as the Nonconformist youth of to-day by the temptations to Conformity. These temptations—the causes of that leakage from Dissent of which a great deal has been heard—are many. There is the glamour of antiquity. To be sure, the conforming and nonconforming branches of the Church are in a very real sense of equal age; they draw their nourishment

through the same trunk, the Church of the past, and through their many leaves from the same heaven, the Spirit in which they both believe. But the conforming branch—to change the metaphor—is in possession of the old homestead, and the nonconforming branch has had to build a new house for itself. The long line of "orders," uniformly if superficially transmitted, attracts and awes the genealogical mind. Then there is the imposing ceremonial of Anglican worship. This appeals to the aesthetic faculties of many who are Nonconformists by strong conviction. It appeals with irresistible force to those who are only Nonconformists by hereditary habit and to those who have few strong religious convictions of any kind. These folks would drop out of the church-going habit altogether if they could not worship where the eye and ear are treated with great consideration. Politics have had a little to do with lapses from Nonconformity. The sharp division of opinion on the Irish question, though this subject might never be referred to in the pulpit, could not but cause a sense of isolation in the minds of Unionist Dissenters. More potent as a repelling influence is the growing urgency with which ministers dwell on the connection of religion with the problems of poverty, wages, and sanitation. Dissent has shed many of its most prominent men in the last few years; and when the father shrinks from breaking the ecclesiastical connections of a lifetime his sons are infected with a spirit of discontent which has no such obstacle to encounter. The genuine if not well-founded sense of injustice caused by the minister's habit of taking the side of the poor against the rich is closely allied with a less worthy instinct—an unwillingness to suffer the social disabilities under which Nonconformists still labor. The vicar of a wealthy suburb called on a new parishioner the other day. His countenance fell when he found that the lady was a Congregationalist, and he exclaimed in evident pity, "I'm afraid you won't have any society!" The stigma of unfashionableness, of so-

cial inferiority, is keenly felt by the socially ambitious; and there is a common proverb that a carriage and pair never stay with a Dissenting family for three generations. It is contended by some experienced observers that the tide of loss has now been turned, and it is undeniable that against the losses from these and other causes must be put very appreciable gains. A large number of Anglicans have taken refuge in Nonconformist churches from "priestly assumptions and Popish practices." The exceptional ability of particular ministers also draws many English Churchmen into Dissenting places of worship.

The net result of all this give-and-take is probably a numerical loss, though not a large one, to Nonconformity, and a financial loss perhaps a little more serious. Nevertheless all the chief Nonconformist bodies are steadily increasing in numbers, and the Methodists and Presbyterians are probably increasing in wealth. The resources of Nonconformists in means and leisure are much smaller than those of the Church of England; but the Free Churchmen throw a larger proportion of their resources into their work. They have many notable successes to encourage them. They have their flourishing suburban congregations of well-to-do folk, who almost invariably carry on a multifarious mission work in districts too poor to support churches of their own. In purely industrial centres they have gathered large and regular Sunday afternoon congregations of men who a few years ago would have been reckoned among the "lapsed masses." Even in London, with its vast nomadic laboring population and its hopeless depths of self-indulgence at both ends of the social scale, you may find a parish church manned by six clergymen and various lay agents yet attended by fewer people than go to a dissenting chapel with its one minister helped by a few lay members in their scanty leisure. A similar contrast might no doubt be found with the parts reversed, except that in the number of official workers the Church always has

the advantage. Nonconformity has its failures and unsolved problems, and plenty of them. So has the State Church—quite enough to make it hesitate before claiming superiority for its methods and monopoly for its divine ordination.

From this sketch of the present the reader may draw his own picture of the future of the Free Churches. To one who sees much of the work both of Nonconformity and of the English Church there seems no reason to suppose that Free Church Christianity is doomed. There seems to be good ground for believing that, when the Church of England is ready for any sort of religious co-operation, the Nonconforming half of English Christianity will be found strong, well-equipped, and in every way worthy of so dignified an alliance.

From *Les Années.*
AN INFLUX OF ART.

We live in an era of Art. The numbers of unhappy Frenchmen who are resolved, at all costs, to be great poets, great painters, great musicians, great sculptors, or great scientists—it matters not which—will end by rendering Paris uninhabitable. Every person you meet is a genius of some sort. The merely clever have quite disappeared. Even talent has become extremely rare, but the geniuses swarm. The time is a fearful time for vocations. O Art, Art!

Things have come to such a pass, that if the child of a respectable family were to show a decided taste for commerce, agriculture, or any mild form of colonization, the father would be visited by terrible suspicions concerning the origin of the monster. From genuine Latin blood, only artists can spring. The child who differs from his kindred, in not being endowed by all the muses, must needs be a product of the new world. I have a notion of something novel in comedy, a scene, say, like the following:—

Father.—"Come to me, my son. You are now of age, and the voice of Na-

ture must have spoken clearly within you. Take this palette and these brushes and do me a Rubens. I will wait."

Son.—"I don't know how."

Father.—"Then take this lump of potter's clay, and produce a Michael Angelo before my eyes."

Son.—"I really can't."

Father.—"Here is a rhyming dictionary. It is Rothschild's own. Have a shot at Victor Hugo and bring him down! Quick!"

Son.—"I should be delighted, but—"

Father.—"What is this which I hold in my trembling hand? Pincers! Take them and pull one of my teeth, but without pain, mind! Come! I am ready to sacrifice myself!"

Son.—"But, papa—"

Father.—"Time! You have called me father. Am I indeed your sire? That depends on your vocation. You are a Latin, born of a Latin mother. What then is your vocation?"

Son.—"I should like to make three millions in tallow."

Father.—"And you claim to be my son! Avaunt! You are not even a Frenchman. Your eleven brothers, all belong, more or less, to the Institute, the Academy, or at least the *chat noir*. There is not one of them who has not dabbled in water-colors, played the Lancers on the piano, or had a few fierce lyrics printed by Lemierre. Your eight sisters chirrup like birds and annihilate Malibran every day of their lives. Your cousins go into everything. There is not one of your friends or acquaintances who has not won, by his performance on the flute or the drum, a right to the title of 'dear master' you are no child of mine. You come from America, you do! Bourgeois, return thither!"

And he turns him out of doors. In the succeeding acts, the young man, who has disgraced his lineage by not being an artist, gradually amasses an immense fortune, at Cincinnati or Chicago, in the tallow of his dreams. He then comes back and falls in love with the daughter of a man who makes artistic canes on a turning-lathe. His

passion is returned by the young lady who is herself an eminent painter on porcelain, and cannot see a white plate without dropping a few painted flowers upon it. In spite of the difference of position, for the turner is poor and turns in vain, the youth ventures to propose. "A tradesman in my family! Never!" cries the artist in canes; and he thrusts the young millionaire through the door on the right, while enters on the left, a sculptor who has not tasted food for a week, and has thus become by French precedent, the son-in-law of his choice.

The despair of the young millionaire is deep. Why should he go back to America? He has realized his visions in tallow; and besides, he loves France, for though no artist, he was born there. He prefers to remain in Paris, were it only for the sake of consuming some of those artistic products of which there is such a vast accumulation, and which nobody ever buys. His resolution is taken. He *will* remain there; and, moreover he will become an artist, like the rest of his countrymen and he will have his girl! *

He gives all his fortune to the Taylorian Society to promote the holding annual exhibitions. He then climbs up into a garret, and devotes himself to making landscapes in hair, using his own. He will be bald, but he will be famous. It is a new thing. He excels, and lo, and behold, he is a "dear master" like all the rest of us! His father then forgives him. The turner is conciliated. The painter on porcelain weeps. They are married, and France bestows a benediction on the only species of artist which she had not produced before. On the other hand the sculptor, who had been false to his art and taken up a trade, is arrested and condemned to the guillotine. Such is the piece which I propose to bring out. M. Sarcey permitting. Possibly he may think the plot slightly exaggerated. Let him pay me for another, then, and I will dazzle him by the magnificence of my verity. The scene, however, will have to be laid in Paris; that is to say in a city where one cannot

venture not to be a great artist and where the absence of genius is noticeable. To ask whether there will be a Degenais in the piece, is to inquire whether I know my business. Of course there will be one; and this personage, whom I shall make as crabbed as is consistent with my own gentle nature, will make himself especially disagreeable by perpetually requesting to be told what is meant, in France, by *a thwarted vocation*. "What's a vocation thwarted," he exclaims, "in a country where everybody paints, or rhymes, or sculps or sings flat? Whence comes that absurd legend about the provincial parent, who disinherits his boy for having run away to Paris to be a great man? I'll give a white rabbit with ruby eyes, to anybody who will produce a young Frenchman with an ambition to smear the well-stretched canvass, and whose father has not ruined himself by promoting the boy's vocation. In every family budget there is now a sum reserved for the publication of that first volume of verse wherewith every chicken chips his shell. A man cannot marry until he has exhibited at least one picture. "Then," says my old ape of a Degenais "I rise to inform my native land that she is suffering from a plethora of genius and needs to be bled. 'France,' I would say, 'thy walls are all painted. Thy stock of paper is exhausted. Thou hast no more of that vile clay which they call potter's-earth. One melody trickles from every one of thy windows and there is no such thing as a minute's silence to be had in all the length and breadth of thy territory. It is time to pause. I propose a Ministry of Artistic Discouragement. Discourage! discourage! if need be, by force. Offer prizes for the renunciation of genius! Let the highest be for those who will swear to enjoy art without attempting to produce it. Let the Legion-of-Honor-for-exceptional-services be awarded to those who will make a public holocaust of their works! Let prefectures be assigned to the brave fellows who will jump on their own canvasses, or ride over them on horseback; or who will fit their statues with pipes

and make fountains of them! And let every citizen convicted of personal music, be tied to a piano and ordered to march! For the idea of forty millions of people—*all artists*, eating, drinking, absorbing and emitting nothing but art, and all capable of propagating their species, is grotesque, inhuman, appalling!"

"Among these forty millions of vocations there must be some mistakes either of nature or of education. It is to be hoped that there will be a few blunders, a little confusion, a certain number of bad lots. It cannot be that God has thus far protected France only that the Krupp guns of the next war may strew the soil with a hundred thousand Raphaels, Mozarts, Jean Goujons and Racines with as many more Molières, Beethovens, Michael Angelos and Shakespeares, all belonging to the National Guard.

"For the fact is," adds M. Degenais, "that besides having a gift for any given art one must have practice in it, and there's the rub! For practice means hard work, and hard work is something horrible."

Translated for *The Living Age* from the French of Emile Bergerot.

From *St. James's Gazette*.
CHEATING AT GOLF.

Golf is the only first-class game at which cheating is at all easy—supposing, of course, that the player is unaccompanied by a caddy; and even when accompanied by a caddy it is still quite possible to cheat. If a player, having played five strokes, says to his caddy, "That is four, is it not?" the latter will probably reply, "I think it's five, sir;" but if the player responds, "Oh, no, I'm sure it's only four," the caddy will probably say no more. Possibly at the end of the match he may mention to the other caddy his opinion of the circumstance, but this will not affect the player's reputation unless he happens to be at his own club. Even

then it will take a good long time, and many repetitions of various caddies' adverse opinions of his arithmetical powers to throw anything like a serious doubt upon his honor. And yet what club is there which does not possess one or two members of whom it is *sotto voce* said that if you play with them you will have to look pretty sharply after their score?

It is the commonly accepted belief that the vast majority of golf players belong to a class which is incapable of cheating—at all events out of business hours. I am sorry to have to express the deliberate conviction that the belief in the honor and honesty of golfers has very unsubstantial foundation in fact. I have golfed for a number of years over all kinds of greens, and with all sorts of people; and on innumerable occasions I have been driven to strongly suspect my opponent of cheating, and on many occasions I have positively detected him in so doing. In a match, as every golfer knows, the two players are often pretty widely separated. Under such circumstances it is obvious that various minor acts of cheating are comparatively easy. If a player discovers his ball in a rather bad lie, he can, in the act of addressing, alter its position, and thus give himself a good lie. Such a thing as missing the ball altogether is not unknown even with fairly experienced players; and I have known many instances when I have not been obviously looking, but have only detected out of the corner of my eye that my opponent has had a mishap of this kind—that the *coup dans l'air* has not been counted unless I have drawn attention to it when on the green. Of course this miscounting of strokes is much easier when the fortunes of the game carry the two players on different sides of a hedge or other defence from observation. I remember on one occasion, having satisfactorily negotiated a somewhat high bunker into

which my opponent blundered, watching his head and shoulders—the only part of him visible—from the other side. He made several strokes, and at last jerked the ball over. I thought it had taken four to get out, but he declared that the three first strokes were only practice ones at the sand. I, of course, could not contradict this, and, being of a placable temperament, refrained from pointing out that it was scarcely etiquette to practise strokes when practically out of sight in a bunker.

Apart from instances of this sort, nothing is easier than to intentionally forget a stroke when counting up after holing out on the green. As a matter of fact, unless one steadily counts as one goes along, it is quite easy to genuinely make a mistake, and it is to this fact that the habitual cheater trusts should at any time his miscount be detected. And if, being somewhat doubtful of the accuracy of his computation, you endeavor to recall his individual strokes, he will very likely tell you that it is not etiquette to do so. No doubt he is right in a certain sense, for it is the honorable custom of good golfers to entirely trust each other in the matter of counting strokes. But if one's suspicions are aroused as to the untrustworthiness of the memory of your opponent (to put it politely), it is impossible to avoid keeping an eye on him and counting his strokes; and when your total does not tally with his it seems only right to point out the fact. As a matter of fact, the true scoring etiquette of golf enjoins the frequent mutual reference by the two players to their several scores. Most players ought to be approaching the putting green, and consequently pretty near together, at their third stroke; and by that time a pleasant colloquy of "You've played the odd," or "Shall I play the like?" should be easily practicable, and always is desirable.

